

The Listener

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'Study for British Empire Panel' by Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A.; from the exhibition of his works now on view at the Royal Academy, London

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The Listener

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

The Defence of Democracy in Italy (Giorgio Borsa) ...	619
Past Against Future in Malaya (A. D. C. Peterson) ...	621
South Africa's Place in World Economy (The Hon. N. C. Havenga) ...	622
The Sudan Question (George Bredin) ...	627
Warsaw 1952: Rebirth of a Capital (Graeme Shankland) ...	629
The Life Cycle in America (Max Lerner) ...	631
The People of India (Raymond Mortimer) ...	645

THE LISTENER:

The Role of Nato ...	624
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	624

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

A Hundred Years at Holloway (Dr. Charity Taylor) ...	625
The Threatened Flamingo (Dr. Maurice Burton) ...	625
From Foreboards to Academy (Patricia Wingfield) ...	626
The Star that Faded (Dr. J. G. Porter) ...	626

ARCHITECTURE:

A Man-made World—I (Robert Furneaux Jordan) ...	633
---	-----

RELIGION:

Theology of Islam (Professor Alfred Guillaume) ...	635
--	-----

LITERATURE:

Fabian Essays, Old and New (Canon V. A. Demant) ...	636
---	-----

The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	649
New Novels (Arthur Calder-Marshall) ...	653

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	638
--	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From J. F. Stirling, T. A. Cave, Hubert Butler, G. E. M. de Ste. Croix, James Kirkup, J. P. Short, Brunson Yapp, Lord Pakenham, John F. Castle, and Michael L. Tebbutt ...	641
--	-----

ART:

Round the London Art Galleries (Quentin Bell) ...	644
---	-----

POEM:

The Lost Crusader (Douglas Le Pan) ...	647
--	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television (Reginald Pound) ...	654
Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	655
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	655
Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	655

MUSIC:

Gustav Holst: Anti-Formalist (Arthur Hutchings) ...	657
---	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

CROSSWORD NO. 1,172

The Defence of Democracy in Italy

By GIORGIO BORSA

ON September 20 the Italian Socialist Party, the pro-communist one led by Signor Nenni, celebrated at Genoa the sixtieth anniversary of its birth. About a fortnight later, from October 4 to October 8, a special congress was held, also at Genoa, by the Italian Democrat Socialist Party, the so-called Saragat Socialists. Most parties claim to represent Italian Socialism. The fore-father of all Socialist parties in Italy, the Italian Workers' Party, was founded at Genoa on September 20, 1892, by a group of Marxists who had grown dissatisfied with the negative, destructive approach of the anarchists and had broken away from them. Something of the anarchist spirit must, however, have survived among its members. Two factions soon arose within the party, the Maximalists, who would accept nothing short of the maximum socialist programme—that is a socialist state—and the Reformers, who favoured a gradual approach. The history of Italian socialism is mostly the history of the struggle between these two factions. As a result, Italian socialism developed a marked tendency to divide and to split.

I am aware that this phenomenon is not merely Italian but is becoming common to most socialist movements, even if it does not always lead to an open split. It is not surprising. Socialism is a vague and comprehensive label. Mr. Attlee calls himself a socialist and so does Mr. Stalin. The main disintegrating factor in contemporary socialism has been the Soviet revolution and the

building up of the Russian myth. But in the case of Italian socialism the tendency to split is older than the Bolshevik revolution. It was born with the party or rather the party was born out of it.

Different explanations have been offered of this. Some hold responsible the proportional representation system, because this makes it possible for small political groups to survive and encourages the splits; others—and I rather agree with them—put the blame on the over-clarity of the Latin mind (this national misfortune of temperament!)—which expresses itself by a passion for hair-splitting and self-scrutinising, and a consequent inability to stay in a party with people holding different views. Whatever the causes, the Italian socialist movement suffered as many as six splits between 1908 and 1922. Fascist persecution led the socialist factions in exile to unite, and led to the pact of unity with the Communists, who had separated themselves from the Socialist Party in 1922.

But as soon as the Fascist threat was removed, the process started again. In 1947 a first batch of moderates broke away under Signor Saragat, refusing to follow Signor Nenni, who was adamant over maintaining unity of action with the Communists. In 1948 another splinter group was formed and a new secession occurred a few months after the election. These three rumps reunited again, after protracted negotiations, last year, so that now we have got only two socialist parties: the pro-communist Italian Socialist Party,

under Nenni, and the Democratic Socialist Party under Saragat. I have dealt at some length with the history of Italian socialism because it provides the background against which the present state of the Italian Left must be viewed. Take, for instance, the attitude of the Nenni Socialists, so bewildering to foreign observers. The Nenni Socialists are the only Socialist party in non-communist countries who have maintained a full solidarity with the communists. But it would be a mistake to write them off as disguised communists. They are not, or at least most of them are not. The party is organised along democratic lines, congresses are held yearly, leaders are freely elected and criticism inside the party has nothing to do with communist self-criticism. It is as plain, free, and outspoken as in any other democratic party. Signor Nenni's personal democratic faith has never been questioned, even by his opponents.

'Sad Record of Disunity'

How then can he and his followers support communism? The answer lies with the sad record of disunity and frustration of the Italian socialist movement over half a century. It was the working class disunity that prevented the Socialist Party from getting into power after the 1919 elections; and it was because the Socialists misused the strength they held in the country that fascism was born and asserted itself. The unity of the working class has thus become an article of faith with Signor Nenni. It is not his communist sympathies which make him unite with the communists; it is his belief in unity.

Signor Nenni's policy was favoured by the line of extreme moderation adopted in post-war years by the Italian Communist Party under Signor Togliatti's leadership. Signor Togliatti was born in a middle-class family, with a *bourgeois* cultural background. He became one of the founders of the party in 1922 when he was still a young man. When Mussolini suppressed all political freedom he fled to Moscow. For over fifteen years he stayed there and had a part in shaping the policy of international communism. He was from the beginning a supporter of the soft, popular-front line. When he returned to Italy in April 1944, after the liberation of Naples, Marshal Badoglio was trying in vain to persuade the anti-fascist parties to enter a coalition government. None of them, and particularly the communists, would serve under King Victor Emmanuel or his son. Signor Togliatti swung the other communist leaders right round overnight.

From the day after his return the Italian communists were willing to collaborate with anybody from the King to *laissez faire* Liberals and to black Catholics. They took part, in fact, in every coalition government until they were ousted by Signor de Gasperi in May 1947.

At the time the Italian communists were forced into opposition, the Cominform was founded and orders came to sabotage the Marshall plan by mass agitations. Signor Togliatti, somewhat reluctantly, had to transfer his party's activities from parliament into the streets; but even in this new phase the Italian communists did not quite come out into the open; they tried to fall into line with other political forces opposing the Christian Democrats. At the 1948 election they merged with other left-wing groups into a popular front, in which they pretended they were playing the second fiddle to the Nenni Socialists.

Return to the 'Popular Front'

With another general election approaching, they are now resorting again to the old trick of the popular front; the more so as that line seems to be now much more in tune with the 'peaceful co-existence' philosophy prevailing at the Kremlin, judging from the disgrace of Tillon and Marty in France. In a speech he made at Benevento about two weeks ago, Signor Togliatti pleaded for co-operation between the communists, the Socialists and those *bourgeois* parties who are ready to oppose what he called the

clerical intrusiveness. 'A loyal agreement', he said, 'should be established between all who wish to protect the Constitution of the Republic'. As usual the task of expounding a more detailed programme is being left to the Nenni Socialists.

The central committee of that party at the Genoa meeting already mentioned, put forward five points: (1) Italy ought to sign a non-aggression pact with the U.S.S.R., balancing her international position. Signor Nenni recognises that the Atlantic Pact, though contrary, he says, to Italy's interests, has come to stay, but says it can be turned into an instrument of peace. (2) Free trade should be established with eastern Europe and communist China after recognising the Peking government. (3) Diplomatic action must be taken in favour of admission of all applicants, including Italy, to the United Nations. (4) The Republican Constitution must be carried out in its entirety. The necessary legislation must be passed establishing the Constitutional Court, and fixing the rules for Popular Referendum. (5) Failing an agreement between all parties, the proportional system already in force should be maintained in the forthcoming general election, to be held not later than May 1953. A further point, concerning industrial policy, was made in the course of a parliamentary debate a few days later. It called for the nationalisation of big monopolies such as the Montecatini Chemicals and of the electrical industry, and for more public investments.

It is a programme that may or may not be found acceptable but it certainly sounds moderate and reasonable. This makes things awkward for the Italian Democratic Socialist Party. Its leaders, like Saragat, find great difficulty in convincing the rank and file and outside supporters that it is impossible to co-operate with the other socialist party and with the communists on these terms. They find it difficult to convince the rank and file that an electoral alliance must be sought with such parties as the Christian Democratic and Liberal Parties who enjoy the support of the wealthier classes.

New Party Line

In my view all sensible people ought to know that it is impossible to co-operate with the communists, because, once in power, the communists carry out their own programme which has nothing to do with the popular-front programme: they accept this only in order to win votes in a free election. But not all the electors are sensible people, or have the necessary knowledge of facts. So the Saragat Socialists had to call a special congress at Genoa to discuss the party line, in view of next spring's general election. At the end of it the majority of the delegates showed themselves in favour of an electoral alliance with the Christian Democrat, Liberal, and Republican parties, and of the reform of the existing electoral system advocated by the Christian Democrats. The object of the reform is to guarantee parliamentary stability by allowing a 'premium' of seats to a party or block of parties winning at least 50.1 per cent. of the votes. My own opinion is that Congress has taken a wise course, not only in the interest of democracy, which is threatened in Italy both from the left and the right, but also in the interest of socialism. For democracy is the only means through which socialism can be not only established, but, once established, can be prevented from turning into the most conservative and reactionary of all regimes.—*Home Service*

A series of Saturday afternoon lectures on 'Some Edwardians' is to be held this autumn at the National Portrait Gallery, London, W.C.2. The lecturer on October 25 will be A. P. Ryan on Lord Balfour; on November 1 Christopher Howard on Joseph Chamberlain; on November 8 Dr. D. McKie on Sir J. J. Thomson; on November 15 C. H. Collins Baker on Charles Ricketts and Charles Shannon; on November 22 O. L. Richmond on A. E. Housman; and on November 29 A. T. Milne on Thomas Hardy. The lectures will begin at 3.15 p.m. and last about three-quarters of an hour.

Past Against Future in Malaya

By A. D. C. PETERSON

A FEW weeks ago, at Permatang Tinggi in Malaya, a young Chinese resettlement officer was sitting in a coffee house—the Malayan equivalent of a pub—when members of a communist gang of terrorists walked in from the jungle and shot him dead in broad daylight. At least twelve people saw the crime. But when the police asked for descriptions to help them track the murderers, the answers were the same everywhere: 'Don't know . . . Didn't see . . . Never heard of them'. That is quite a common first reaction with Malayan villagers today.

I will give you another example. One of the ways to get the truth about the communists over to villagers who do not read is to put on little plays in the village square—blood-and-thunder sketches with a moral attached. I know of one village where before the play started they all protested that they had never so much as seen a terrorist. The dramatic climax came when the terrorist boss, with the starred cap of the communist uniform, appeared on the stage. He was very realistic because all the actors were young men and girls who had been in the jungle gangs, and then changed their mind about communism and deserted to us. There was a quick hiss of indrawn breath from the audience and a silence of recognition that you could have cut with a knife. They did not *like* the communists but you could see that they had *met* them often enough before.

The villagers of Permatang Tinggi did not give themselves away like that, though. General Templer sent down special interrogating officers who spoke their dialect: each man had a chance to speak in private so that no one could know who had talked and who had not; they were warned that unless somebody broke the conspiracy of silence, they would all be moved to a detention camp and their village razed to the ground. It was all no good. The answers were still the same: 'Don't know. Never heard of them. Saw nothing', or just plain, stony, almond-eyed silence. So today the hamlet of Permatang Tinggi, where nearly twenty per cent. of the population were silent witnesses of a murder, has ceased to exist.

Now that is a very disturbing story. The fact that that sort of thing has to be done is a sign that we are still a long way from breaking the communist threat in Malaya. But it is a disturbing story in other ways, too, because it raises so many questions. What is a resettlement officer, and why was he murdered by his Chinese fellow countrymen? Who are these youths—and girls, too—who once joined the communist gangs and now risk their lives doing propaganda against communism? Why would not those villagers talk? And why did a British Government have to take that very stern action against them—the kind of action which is deeply distasteful to us?

I would like to try to answer some of those questions—but as a private individual, remember, because I shall not be a civil servant for another week or so. To start with, what made people like those actors in the play go into the jungle in the first place and join the gangs as new recruits? Without new recruits like them the whole thing might be over by now. The communist casualties since they took to murder and terrorism in 1948 have probably been over 4,000—that is if we include the ones they 'liquidate' themselves—and that just about equals the total force of armed men they started with.

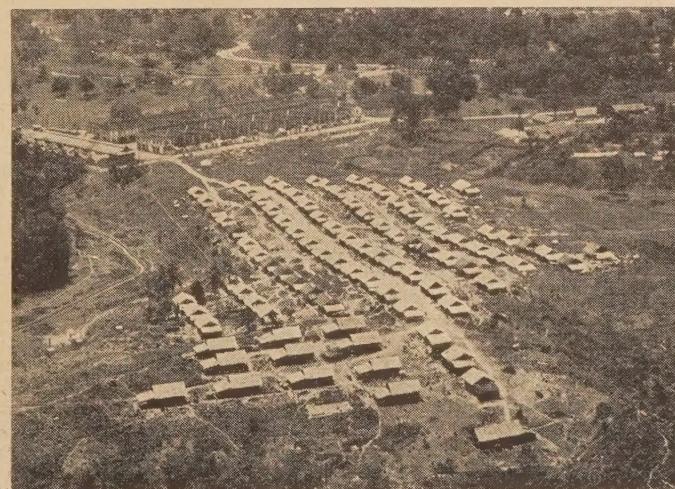
New communists have been recruited in three ways, I think: by propaganda, by enticement, and by accident. At first, propaganda was important. Just after the war the Malayan Communist Party, with its resistance record, attracted quite a few young idealists, who saw in it the spearhead of social progress for their country. But in 1948 came the so-called Youth Conference in Calcutta, when it seems as if orders must



General Templer wishing 'good luck' to the inhabitants of a new village in Malaya

have been issued to the Asian communists to organise for action; and from that time the Malayan Communist Party abandoned social progress and went over to murder and destruction. When this happened many members broke with it. For those who did not it was, I believe, a bitterly disillusioning thing to find that they were being gradually dragged down to the level of the worst petty gangsterdom—that they, who once had progressive ideals, were expected to burn country buses and turn the people out to trudge home just because the bus company had not paid its protection money to some terrorist boss. It is not surprising if disillusioned people of this kind desert to us if they get a chance, and when they do they are the most outspoken and impassioned opponents of communism. They joined the party, you see, because it seemed to them to hold the key to Malaya's future—and they found it dragging them back into what has always been the curse of Malaya's past—banditry, extortion, and secret societies.

The second method is enticement. This is a regular communist technique. They have their agents in touch with student circles, and when they find a likely lad with a taste for adventure and a bit 'agin the government', and perhaps with no



Aerial view of a resettlement village at Temerloh, Pahang, Malaya

family pull in getting a job, they play on his adolescent love of 'secret societies' and get him to do some quite simple, harmless job for them—carrying a parcel, say, or distributing a few leaflets. Once he has done that he is 'in', and soon he probably gets a message that 'the police are after you as a communist agent. Your only hope is to fly to the jungle'. Anyhow, the pay in the 'Liberation Army' is good and the life exciting. It is not till he has burnt his boats that they start trying to turn him into a real communist, or perhaps a member of a 'killer squad'.

Finally, they get some recruits by accident. There has always been a certain amount of violence and lawlessness in these countries. Murders by secret societies were the curse of Malaya in the nineteenth century, and many of the rank and file in the terrorist squads are just old-time thugs with no political views at all—relics of the past, in fact.

That is my personal impression of the people who make active terrorists in Malaya now—a dwindling hard core of real communists with a slow trickle of the kind of recruits I have talked of. The reason they have given so much trouble, and absorb today 40,000 troops and over 60,000 police in looking for them, is largely the physical difficulty of tracking a killer in the jungle, but it is also the fact that so many villagers would not talk. At one time it was hard to blame them. When terrorism started, there were about 500,000 peasants in Malaya living in scattered plots on the fringe of the jungle, without police protection and without the usual social services. Many were recent immigrants from China. They had never known decent administration, but they had known bandits—anti-Japanese bandits, too, in some cases, who shut the mouths of those who talked and were national heroes at the same time. So it is not surprising that when they were asked for food or subscriptions they laid low, paid up, and said nothing. After all, many people in Chicago in the bad old days must have done just the same.

Since 1950 these people who lived in scattered communities have been resettled in new villages, where schools, Red Cross clinics—and the Red Cross is doing really fine work—and other social services are being organised. There are police in each village and a barbed-wire fence to prevent the terrorist getting in at night to murder those who 'wouldn't play'. These new villages have their disadvantages, and naturally the communist propagandists seize the opportunity of branding them as concentration camps. It is admittedly a nuisance living as much as two or three miles from your fields or your work; it is galling to have your movements controlled by a Malay policeman; worst of all, I should think, where it still exists, is the curfew which keeps everyone in his house from dusk to dawn. But at least life is safer there and more homely than the jungle and there are a school and shops. I think myself that these new villages have come to stay as a permanent part of the Malayan future. In three that I visited a couple of months ago I asked the question: 'What will you do when the emergency is over and the wire comes down?' Each time the answer—quite a considered answer—was 'I think we shall stay here'. This regrouping of scattered people is in fact a feature in Malaya's social progress—forced on us by the emergency perhaps, but progress all the same. And it may be becoming clear to these villagers that it is the communists who, by murdering

the occasional resettlement officer or head of a village council, are fighting for the past against the future.

You notice I said 'occasional'—for the resettlement, however much the communists dislike it, is working without much interference. There is no doubt that in the past few months the terrorists have gone over much more to the defensive. Our troops, who have to lie hours and even days in ambush in the hope of seeing one, know that; and recently it was announced that, on figures, the number of terrorist incidents had sunk again to the 1949 level. Their losses, too, now include a much higher proportion of 'leaders'—the old guard of indoctrinated communists—and this usually means that someone in the know has decided, unlike the villagers of Permatang Tinggi, that at least it is safe to talk. Permatang Tinggi suffered, in fact, an 'old-fashioned' fate because they followed an old-fashioned code: the code of covering up secret society murders.

These things are only straws in the wind. It is possible that the terrorists have gone on the defensive only while they think up some new schemes. But I think they may well mean that the scale is tipping and that the peasants who once tolerated the bandits in silence and fear have begun to realise that the future lies with the forces of law. They are beginning to realise, too, that the forces of law are clearing the way for the new non-racial democratic Malaya that could grow up to nationhood; while the terrorists in the jungle are offering only a return to secret societies and extortion, the worst features of the Malayan past.

There is, in fact, a radical difference between what is happening in Malaya and the national revolutions that have occurred in other south-east Asian countries. In each of these, whether the Communist Party tried to turn the revolution to its own ends or not, the real driving force was a nationalist movement. In Malaya there is still, outside certain Malay circles, very little 'national' demand for 'immediate' independence, and the Malays, the most nationalist of the Malayan peoples, have never had any serious truck with the communist movement at all. I do not mean to suggest by that that the communists have the support of the Chinese in Malaya. If they had that they could long ago have made life in Malaya insupportable. But what little support they have is Chinese, and therefore not in the least nationalist. Remember that many of the Chinese are recent immigrants from what is now a communist country. It is really not surprising that a small proportion of them—and it is a very small proportion—are active communists, too. So you get in Malaya the unique situation of a Communist Party which is hated by the nationalists, and a Government which is actually doing everything it can to help in the creation of a united Malayan nation, capable of running its own affairs. This last is a very complex task because any stable nationalist movement in Malaya has got to be multi-racial. But I think it can be done. Malaya is not, like so many other Asian countries, crippled by poverty, and the building up of an independent plural society in which each community really plays its part is not beyond the bounds of hope. If it is successful it will be a new form of society much more interesting and more modern than another attempt at Asiatic communism. In this national development the present communist trouble is simply an interruption as irrelevant as it is disastrous.

—Home Service

South Africa's Place in World Economy

By the Hon. N. C. HAVENGA, Minister of Finance in the Union of South Africa

I AM glad to have this opportunity to discuss certain aspects of my country's economy. One is naturally inclined to have an inflated opinion of the importance of one's own country, and as South Africa has a population of only 12,000,000 and, therefore, counts among the small countries, it behoves us to be modest in our claims. I think the best way to eliminate subjective opinions on our own importance is to examine South Africa's position from two angles: first, as a supplier of goods required by other countries, and, second, as a market for the goods produced by the outside world.

In these times of balance-of-payments crises, when most countries aim at reducing imports, you will probably be more interested in the scope which the South African market offers for British exports, rather than in the commodities which South Africa can and does export. Nevertheless, it would not be out of place to remind

you that South Africa is by far the largest single producer of gold and diamonds, and that it occupies fourth place as an exporter of wool. We also export a large variety of other goods on a substantial scale.

In addition, South Africa has made great progress with its industrial development, and in particular with the development of its iron-ore resources. It has even become an exporter of certain agricultural implements and electric motors. Moreover, its huge deposits of coal are being exploited on an increasing scale and a large plant is now being erected for the extraction of oil from coal. At the same time arrangements have been concluded for the erection of thirteen plants for the extraction of uranium as a by-product of the gold mining industry.

These plants will add millions of pounds annually to South Africa's

foreign exchange resources which, in turn, means an expanding market for the outside world, including the United Kingdom. I hope these few remarks will serve to indicate the variety and the extent of South Africa's contribution towards supplying the needs of the world. But I would like to add a few more words about South Africa's contribution towards increasing the world's stocks of gold.

Unique International Currency

Some people claim that the public's preference in favour of gold rests on superstition, but whether this prejudice is due to superstition or to human wisdom based on long practical experience, the fact remains that no substitute has been found for gold as an international currency. As long, therefore, as gold remains the only universally acceptable means of international settlement, its production will remain an essential prerequisite to the smooth flow of international trade and world prosperity.

Viewed from this angle, South Africa occupies a very important place in world economy. Its current annual gold production of about £150,000,000 represents approximately one-half of the total world gold output outside Russia. With the coming into production of the new mines in the Orange Free State and the West Transvaal, our gold production is likely to increase substantially year by year and our annual gold output combined with uranium may reach the £250,000,000 mark by 1960, as compared with an estimated output of £150,000,000 for the current year.

But this increased contribution towards the world's gold stocks requires a vast amount of capital investment, not only on shaft sinking, development, and equipment, but also on the provision of power, transport, water, housing, and other services and amenities. In order to give you some indication of the magnitude of the amounts involved, I may mention that the capital expenditure by the mines alone during the past five years (1947-51) amounted to no less than £107,000,000. Some millions of pounds will still have to be found to bring the developing mines to the production stage, and, while capital markets throughout the world are rather stringent, I have no doubt that the gold mining industry will succeed in raising the balance of the funds required for the new mines. I would remind those pessimists who question the ability of the mines to raise the necessary funds, of the fact that the mines themselves, by appropriating distributable profits to capital expenditure, have financed a substantial part of the expansion that has taken place during recent years.

It may, therefore, be expected that, with the coming into production of the new mines, a considerable part of the cost of future expansion will be financed from profits, so that the problem of finding the large amounts of capital required by the gold mining industry may not be quite as formidable as it may seem to the uninformed observer. Nevertheless, substantial amounts will be required from overseas and we hope the United Kingdom, as the traditional source of South Africa's overseas capital requirements, will be able to continue to play its part in supplying our future requirements. South Africa has, in the past, greatly benefited from British capital investment, but I think I can say without fear of contradiction that the United Kingdom itself has benefited equally from those investments.

For apart from the dividends which United Kingdom residents have received from their investments in South Africa, the development brought about by those investments has, as I shall show later, ensured a growing market to the British export industries which, in turn, made it possible for the United Kingdom to acquire a substantial part of the Union's gold output which it has helped to produce. I hope you will not take it amiss if I remind you that South Africa has undertaken to sell to the United Kingdom during the current year at least £50,000,000 of our gold output for the purpose of strengthening the central reserves of the sterling area; and the amount might well be substantially greater if British exporters could become more competitive both as regards prices and periods of delivery. South Africa is, therefore, making a very tangible contribution towards the solution of the sterling area's balance-of-payments problem.

The Price of Gold

You will probably also expect me to say something about the price of gold, about what I regard as the urgent need for a higher price for gold. There is not much that I could add to what I have said on previous occasions and again at the recent meeting of the Board of

Governors of the International Monetary Fund in Mexico City. For some time I have been a lone voice crying in the wilderness; but there are signs of growing realisation in a widening circle that my plea for a world-wide increase of the price of gold is not motivated entirely by the selfish interests of South Africa.

There are two factors which have operated to bring about a change in outlook. The one is the realisation of the fact that without an increase of liquidity (*i.e.*, gold reserves) in the countries outside the dollar area, there is little hope of achieving exchange stability and the elimination of discriminatory trade restrictions. The second is that gold will continue to flow into private hoards instead of into monetary reserves as long as governments continue their efforts to peg its price at an artificial level. In 1951, when every ounce was urgently required to strengthen monetary reserves, the equivalent of eighty-five per cent. of the total world output of gold outside Russia went into private hoards; this fact alone should be sufficient evidence that there is something wrong with the officially pegged price of gold.

The absorption of such a large percentage of the gold output into private hoards is, indeed, remarkable if it is borne in mind that most countries in the western world, including the United States of America and practically all the countries in the sterling area, have made it a crime for their citizens to possess gold. The market which absorbed eighty-five per cent. of the gold output at a substantial premium in dollars was, therefore, a limited one, and it seems reasonable to conclude that the premium would have been substantially higher had demand been allowed more freely to determine the real value of gold in terms of depreciated paper currencies.

I did not expect the International Monetary Fund to agree to an immediate increase in the price of gold. All I had hoped for was to induce the countries represented on the Fund to examine the problem afresh. Australia was the only country which supported me openly and very actively at the conference, but I have reason to believe that the conviction that an increase in the price of gold would greatly facilitate the achievement of exchange stability and a freer flow of international trade, is gaining ground. I do not wish to say more at this stage than that I am satisfied with the trend of developments.

I have given you a review of South Africa's position as a supplier of goods to the outside world, and in particular of the important part which it plays in world economy as a producer of gold. I shall now give you some indication of the importance of South Africa as a market for the exporting countries.

South Africa's Imports

Our total imports in 1951 amounted to £468,000,000, of which the United Kingdom supplied £167,000,000 or thirty-six per cent., and the United States £92,000,000, or twenty per cent. Although these two countries supplied more than half of our total imports, South Africa is also an important customer of various other countries such as Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, and Japan.

The figures which I have quoted may not seem impressive to people who have become accustomed to counting in billions, but I shall mention a few facts which will give you a better indication of South Africa's importance as a buyer. In 1951 South Africa was the second best customer of the United Kingdom. Only Australia bought more from you than we did. It is truly remarkable that South Africa, with a population of only 12,000,000, purchased more from the United Kingdom than India did, with its population of 357,000,000, or the United States with its population of 157,000,000, or France with its population of 40,000,000.

Various factors are responsible for this position, but one of the most important is, no doubt, the close commercial ties with, as well as the good will towards, the United Kingdom which has followed upon the liberal flow of British capital to South Africa. In other words, the United Kingdom is reaping the benefit of the large-scale participation of British capital in the development of the resources of South Africa. While the United Kingdom is, unfortunately, no longer in a position to provide the total overseas capital requirements of South Africa, I can only hope that the stream will not dry up entirely, for it is obvious that a complete replacement of the United Kingdom by other countries as a source of capital may also result ultimately in its replacement as the main source of supply of South Africa's import requirements.

There is another rather unusual feature in South Africa's external trade relations which I should mention. As far as I am aware South

(continued on page 647)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

The Role of Nato

In his message to the international study conference on the Atlantic Community held recently at Oxford Lord Ismay, Secretary General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, declared it 'imperative that the whole world, and especially the peoples of the North Atlantic Community, should understand the underlying purpose of the Treaty and have faith in the ability of this grand alliance to achieve that purpose'. Exactly what Nato is, how and why it came into being, and what precisely its purpose is, are questions the informed student of international affairs may, indeed should, be able to answer. Others might find themselves somewhat at a loss. And considering the number of international organisations that exist today—most of them known, in so far as they are known at all, by their initial letters—one need feel little surprise at the ordinary citizen's inability to keep pace with their origins, aims, and activities. Yet upon the success or otherwise of many of these agencies may depend our happiness, our welfare, indeed our survival.

In the case of the North Atlantic Treaty there is less excuse for ignorance since the publication last week of a report on the subject by a Chatham House study group.* This report sets out the basic assumptions of Nato's present aims and contrasts those assumptions with what the organisation has already done; it draws attention to some sources of difference—or even conflict—with the group of Nato members, and concludes with a few brief, tentative recommendations. In discussing Nato's long-term aspirations—which, it is admitted, are far from easy to isolate and define—the group takes the view that, if progress is to be made, a much clearer and broader statement of aims is needed than any that has so far been advanced. To this end the group makes five suggestions. In the first place 'it is necessary to say frankly that there will be no security for the free world in the predictable future unless the Nato alliance is stronger than its challengers'. Second, the condition of fulfilling the expressed social and economic aims of Nato is that the member nations should be strong enough to maintain the conditions for peaceful change against the challenge of violent revolution. Third, there is the need for larger political and economic units, and it should, in the group's view, be one of the tasks of Nato to see that the process of developing Europe into such a unit is continued. Fourth, the western world has both a duty and an interest to protect, assist, and develop the territories whence it draws its raw materials and to which it sells its goods. Last, the west must establish its defence in the cheapest and most efficient form, that is to say through burden-sharing and division of labour. In the definition of intellectual and cultural aims the group found difficulties, and its recommendations are extremely cautious. Much of Nato's work being technical, delicate, or secret, publicity is not to be welcomed. On the other hand it should clearly give information about itself and 'some of its activities—military ones for example—could be made known through films and broadcasting'. The essential role, however, of popularising Nato 'falls to politicians and other leaders of opinion, to self-organised groups working together from different countries'.

Clearly there is room for discussion and difference of opinion on all these points. But, one may add, the more discussion the better, since if Nato—or any other organisation—is to function as it should, it must be made to 'come alive'. For its achievements and for the fulfilment of its hopes it must, and that sooner rather than later, find a response in the minds and hearts of the people.

*Atlantic Alliance: Nato's Role in the Free World (Royal Institute of International Affairs, Price 6s.)

What They Are Saying

The Moscow Congress and its repercussions

THE MOSCOW PARTY CONGRESS has continued to dominate broadcasts from the Soviet Union and its satellites. Malenkov's speech alone, as read by Soviet home service announcers, occupied five hours. The main point of interest in it was the playing down of Stalin's thesis about ultimate war between the capitalist countries (though Malenkov mentioned this as a possibility), and the return to the official Party line, inherited from Zhdanov, of the aggressive capitalist bloc united in determination to attack the U.S.S.R. and the people's democracies. One of the important Party tasks, therefore, said Malenkov, was 'constantly to strengthen the defensive might of the Soviet State and to administer a crushing rebuff to any aggressors'. Malenkov was also concerned about internal enemies within the Soviet Union: he exhorted the Party to wage a determined struggle against 'remnants of bourgeois ideology, remnants of property-owning psychology and morality' which still persisted. He continued:

We are not insured against the penetration into our country of alien opinions, ideas and feelings from abroad, from capitalist countries and from within, from the surviving groups hostile to Soviet authority which the Party has not yet destroyed . . . The enemies of the Soviet State are trying to spread, warm up and fan out all sorts of unhealthy feelings and ideologically to decompose the unstable elements of our society.

Malenkov then upbraided 'leading Party organisations' for paying insufficient attention to ideological matters, thus allowing 'an unadvantageous foundation to be laid for the revival of opinions and ideas hostile to us'. Finally, he stressed the need to eradicate 'the harmful and dangerous trends of complacency, dizziness with success, the display of showiness and smugness' and so on from the Party. Beria began his speech by attacking American activities abroad, referring particularly to 'spies and diversionists picked up all over the world among the debased dregs of mankind' who were, he said, being constantly dispatched by the U.S.A. against the Soviet Union and the people's democracies. He also reiterated Malenkov's thesis about the dissolution of the British Empire, and concluded that the consequent growth of Soviet prestige had brought new ideological problems which had now been brilliantly solved by Stalin.

Pravda was quoted as describing the Congress in these words:

It is a vivid and stirring demonstration of the boundless confidence in and love for the Lenin-Stalin Central Committee.

Broadcasts from the satellite countries were full of adulation. From the Soviet zone of Germany, *Neues Deutschland* was frank enough to admit that foreign Communist parties will now have their 'instructions':

The workers and all patriots throughout Germany who fight for the unity and independence of our Fatherland know that the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and its wise leader Stalin will provide us with new strength, confidence, help and clear-cut instructions for attaining our aims.

Some of the satellite countries, indeed, have already begun to take new measures as a result of the Moscow Congress. Thus, on October 11, Prague radio broadcast a statement by the Czechoslovak Minister of Defence, General Cepicka, announcing that a number of amateur and sporting societies are to cease independent existence and to be incorporated into the military system. The societies include the dog breeders' union, the union of motorists, the carrier pigeon breeders and the radio amateurs. All members of these bodies are to be automatically enrolled in the army co-operation union and undergo pre-military training. In the Sokol movement, steps will be taken to ensure that every form of sport and physical training contained the basic elements of pre-military training. These measures, concluded the General, were the result of the Moscow Party Congress, where it had been made clear that Czechoslovakia's defence preparations must be intensified. On the same day it was announced that the Czechoslovak Communist authorities have abolished Father Christmas for children, who will be visited instead by Father Frost, who will bring presents from the Soviet Union.

Many western commentators last week, in their analyses of Stalin's statement, stressed the need for western solidarity, since he appears to be counting on their disunity. From Switzerland, *Die Neue Zürcher Zeitung* was quoted as saying that Stalin's article ought to convince the Bevanites in Britain that their neutralism and anti-Americanism were providing aid and comfort to the Kremlin.

Did You Hear That?

A HUNDRED YEARS AT HOLLOWAY

JUST OVER A HUNDRED YEARS ago the first batch of prisoners entered Holloway Prison for women, which was built by the City of London Corporation on a piece of land originally bought as a burial ground for victims of the terrible cholera epidemic of the 1830s. The site is not far from the Caledonian Market and the building was completed in 1852. The present Governor, Dr. CHARITY TAYLOR, talked about the early days of Holloway in 'Radio Newsreel' recently: 'The building has not changed very much in 100 years. The prisoners have not changed very much either. They still come to prison for the most part for acquiring other people's property. The statement of the matron of those days—that there was a larger number of female pickpockets and shop-lifters in prison than she had ever previously known—has a familiar ring about it today. We have contemporary

read of the Governor of Holloway saying to a prisoner in the presence of visitors to the prison, "Here is a man I have done as much for as though he were my own son. I have tried to help you, and you have come back again". We know now that Prison Governors cannot by themselves bring about a prisoner's recovery, and that rehabilitation is something towards which the prisoner herself must make a positive contribution. Our methods of today aim at making the prisoner retain the feeling that she is still part of the community and that the community takes a continuing interest in her welfare'.

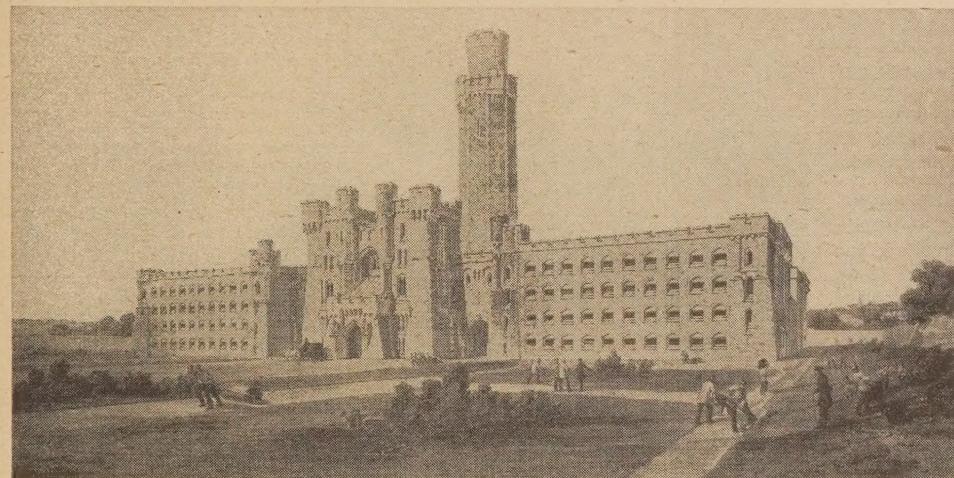
THE THREATENED FLAMINGO

Speaking on the threat of extinction to the roseate flamingo in an 'Eye-witness' talk, DR. MAURICE BURTON said: 'There are only six or seven nesting sites of the roseate flamingo left, of which only two—one in the Bahamas and the other in Yucatan—are important. Mr. Allen estimates that 26 per cent. of the birds breed in the Yucatan, 53 per cent. in the Bahamas, and 16 per cent. in Cuba, and it is probably true to say that their numbers fall off a little more every year.'

'The roseate flamingo has a scarlet or pink plumage with vermillion feathers in the wings and black wing-tips—two solid black triangles—which show mainly when the bird is flying. Like all flamingoes, it has a heavy, down-curved bill, black at the end, orange in the middle and yellow at the base. It is used to strain out small snails and other small animals living in the mud of the shallow lagoons and mud flats where the birds make their homes. Flamingoes nest in large colonies of up to 10,000 or more in a colony. Each nest is an upright cylinder, usually of mud or dead vegetation, up to a foot in height and a foot

across the top. There the single egg is laid—very rarely two are laid—and the shallow waters or marshy stretches are scattered with thousands of these quaint-looking mounds, all fairly close to each other, scraped together and fashioned with the beak, and looking for all the world like miniatures of the craters on the moon.'

'It used to be thought that a flamingo sat astride its nest to incubate, with the long legs dangling in the water. The truth is that it folds its legs under it on the nest, like any long-legged bird. Flamingoes are easily disturbed, and it is an amazing sight when a whole colony starts to move off, with gawky movements, at first picking their way somewhat mincingly through the water, then spreading their wings and slowly becoming airborne. On their return, if it is the nesting season, the birds advance, after alighting, on foot, rather like some grotesque, moving, pink



Holloway Prison in 1852: from a contemporary print

W. T. Spencer

descriptions of the dissipated woman, the respectable-looking-woman, the beautiful girl with the down-cast eyes who looked so much less interesting when she looked up, and of the woman who was received wearing a rich black dress with three flounces, a handsome cloth coat, an elegant bonnet beautifully trimmed and boots with military heels. In fact, today as always, prisoners have represented almost every type of woman—including suffragettes.

'But if the building and the prisoners are so much the same today their treatment and the attitude towards them has changed. The keynote was simplicity 100 years ago. There was only one uniform for the women, of blue and red striped cotton, instead of the choice we now have between grey, blue, mauve, green or yellow; and the women responded as women do everywhere to a choice of clothes. There were only five possible occupations for them instead of the dozen or so we have today. There was no gardening, no painting and decorating, no jam factory, and rather strangely no cooking; this was done by men prisoners, who were also received into Holloway then. Their diet was of the very simplest. For a woman serving only seven days it consisted of nothing but bread and gruel. There were eight educational classes a week, four of them for illiterates, and there were no evening activities. Now we have fifty-one evening classes a week in a variety of subjects, evening association for the women entitled to it, concerts and a cinema.'

'In 1884, a new hospital was opened, and at the beginning of the century a creche was introduced for the care of babies. Throughout our century voluntary work for the assistance of prisoners has expanded side by side with official reforms. But if the simple treatment of 100 years ago has changed the simple attitude towards the prisoner has changed still more.'

'In the book *The Great World of London* published in 1862, we



Roseate flamingoes rearing their young in a reserve near Miami, Florida

each hen touches the egg lightly with the bill, as if making sure that she has found her own, settles herself on it, with her legs tucked up and the long neck curled gracefully away over the back. Flamingoes are shy of any intrusion into their privacy. They nest in the most inaccessible places, approachable only across mud or muddy shallows, secure from most enemies, except man. They have little means for defending themselves, and their low-lying nests are particularly vulnerable. It is easy to see that low-flying aircraft, or the taking of the young for food, and especially the two together, would worry the birds a great deal. And this is what is happening. And they must wonder, if flamingoes can wonder, whatever the world is coming to'.

FROM FOREBOARDS TO ACADEMY

The great period of Leicestershire hunting in the early years of the last century produced not only some picturesque and unusual characters, it also produced some very fine artists. Of these John Ferneley, who in later life exhibited twenty-two pictures in the Academy, is generally regarded as being one of the most outstanding. PATRICIA

WINGFIELD has done some research of her own into Ferneley's life and work and talked about her finds in 'Midlands Miscellany'. 'It is a curious fact', she said, 'that people who are interested in sporting art often know nothing about Ferneley. These same people know plenty about Ben Marshall, and Stubbs—the greatest of them all, of course—and about Alken, most prolific of engravers: and even about Herring, the Victorian. But when it comes to Ferneley, who has been called the Gainsborough among horse-painters, then blank ignorance prevails.'

'It needed a bolt from the past to make me realise the vigour and the quality of Ferneley's work. It happened like this: one day a friend said, "Would you like to see something that started Ferneley off as an artist, something which very few people know about?" I was instantly curious. For one thing, I knew that Ferneley's father had been a wheelwright at Thrussington in Leicestershire, and it could not have been easy, especially in the 1800s, for a wheelwright's son to set up as an artist.'

'We went to a farm owned by a descendant of the family, and there I was shown some old foreboards off the farm waggons that had belonged to Ferneley's father. It was on the foreboards of waggons that young Ferneley had painted the hunting pictures which had attracted the fifth Duke of Rutland when he was riding round his Belvoir estate. The Duke had been so impressed by what he saw that he made up his mind to help Ferneley to become apprenticed to Ben Marshall, already famous as an artist in London. That was in 1801, when Ferneley was a lad of nineteen. And here was I, in 1952, seeing some of those very pictures.'

'No wonder the Duke stopped to look! He, of all people, would have recognised those galloping, pink-coated figures on their bang-tailed thoroughbreds as typical cut-me-downs from Melton, in their high collars and tall hats; and the background as unmistakably Leicestershire, with its ox fences and gorse covers. Even I could see the painter's budding talent for landscape and for drawing horses that were alive. And something else looked back at me from those tough old boards marked by the kicks of many a boot—it was that indefinable thing called genius.'

'He exhibited only twenty-two pictures at the Academy, race horses, dogs and hunters, none of them his best. He never rose to the heights of Stubbs, but his horses were superbly modelled—never flat or wooden like Herring's—his horses only showed three positions, repeated over and over again. But even Ferneley accepted the rocking-horse gallop, that antique convention that persisted even till the camera had debunked it.'

THE STAR THAT FADED

In 'The Night Sky in October' Dr. J. G. PORTER talked about the cluster of stars sometimes called 'the seven sisters', or in France and Italy 'the little chickens', but which we know as the Pleiades, when he recently described in the Home Service this most pleasing of all star groups.

'Most people can see only six stars', he said, 'although ten and even sixteen have been reported by those with very keen sight. A pair of field glasses will show you many more; a large telescope picks up hundreds and in photographs some thousands of stars are found in this small area. It seems odd that only six stars are seen by most people, because there is a legend that there were once seven, the legend of the lost Pleiad.'

'From the point of view of mythology, these stars were once the Pleiades, the seven daughters of Atlas; they are all given names, and it ought to be easy to find the missing one. But in fact, this cannot be done. Of the six stars usually seen, the lowermost two are Atlas and Pleione, the father and mother of the seven girls. According to legend all but one of the seven married immortals: the seventh, Merope, who married the King of Corinth, hides herself in shame. This might explain the missing Pleiad, but Merope happens to be one of the bright four which can be seen. So that will not do, and we ask ourselves if one of these stars can have faded in historical times.'

'This does not seem to be true, either, because these stars are



'Thomas Goosey and the Belvoir Hounds' by John Ferneley

all white stars of the type that form the constellation of Orion: giant suns at the height of their career, and such stars are not known to fade. At the end of last century it was found that Pleione was a star with a peculiar spectrum, and because a peculiar spectrum might be used to explain lots of things, some astronomers thought that this was the star that had faded.

'But some recent work on Pleione has given a different explanation. In 1938 the spectrum of this star showed unmistakable lines due to rapidly moving hydrogen, and it was shown that this could be explained by an expanding shell of hydrogen gas which surrounded the star. Other stars of this type, with expanding atmospheres, are known. But at the beginning of this year, the lines in Pleione's spectrum disappeared, and there is every reason to believe that the shell of hydrogen has been blown off this star.'

'But this does not make it a variable star in the sense that its light varies as we see it, so I do not think either Pleione or Merope can fill the part of the lost Pleiad. And yet that legend is found in every race of mankind and at every period of history, a curious fact and rather a significant one, because no other group of stars has been so carefully watched as this.'

'From the very earliest times the Pleiades have been of special interest. They were not only used to regulate the calendar, but in all countries the growing crops were thought to depend on what is called, in the Book of Job, "the sweet influences of Pleiades". And with all primitive peoples, Maori and Aztec, Egyptian and South Sea Islander, the rising, culmination and setting of this little group called for ceremonies and festivities'.

The Sudan Question

By GEORGE BREDIN

WHAT in fact are the questions which are being asked about the Sudan today? Judging from the ones I have had addressed to me since coming home I should think that what people in this country chiefly want to know about the Sudan is, first, are the Sudanese really capable now of managing their own affairs and, secondly, what are the British interests in the Sudan, and, finally, what are the relations between the Sudanese on the one hand and Britain and Egypt on the other? Most British officials who have served in the Sudan for any length of time have fairly definite answers to all of these, and it may be interesting to compare them with the impressions we get from reading the recently published book, *The Sudan Question**, by Mekki Abbas.

Kitchener's Problems

The problem which faced Kitchener and his administrators after the reconquest was straightforward enough but formidable in the extreme. They had to restore confidence and good order over a vast area ravaged for fifteen years by famine and disease, and pillaged repeatedly by Dervish armies. They had to organise labour for opening up roads through the bush, and for clearing the weed-choked rivers for their steamers. They had to start building schools and to deal with epidemics—all among a people whose tribal organisation had largely disintegrated under the despotic rule of the Khalifa.

The early British administrators had few local men with authority on whom they could rely, and so were compelled to do everything themselves. Thus it came about that until the early 1920s, which was about the time I joined the administrative service, it could not be said that the Sudanese had made any appreciable progress towards managing their own affairs.

Meanwhile, everything centred on the Sudan's British rulers. A villager with the most trifling complaint would saddle his donkey and come trotting in to present a petition to the nearest Political Officer. He would either summon all parties to appear before him or himself visit the scene. There he would endeavour to steer a course to the settlement of the dispute amongst all the snags and shoals of local feuds, unknown to him but common knowledge to the entire village who always made an enthralled and friendly audience. Such a system, essential though it may have been during the period of restoration, could not in reason be allowed to continue long. But it was left to events elsewhere in Africa to introduce the next phase.

About 1900, northern Nigeria had been conquered by a British expedition, and Lord Lugard found there a type of feudal government. Large sections of the country were ruled by Emirs, each with his judge, his treasurer, and his force of retainers. Instead of destroying these miniature states, he was content to appoint Residents and District Officers whose duty it was to reinforce and direct the rule of the Emirs rather than themselves to undertake direct control. We in the Sudan had heard of the success of this policy of 'indirect rule', and it was not long before Sir John Maffey, our new Governor-General, fresh from India, told us to lose no time in giving the Sudanese a share in the administration of their own country.

'The District Commissioner', he said, 'must cease to regard himself as the father of his people and must work for the day when they can manage without him'. Many of us read this sentence with something like dismay. We realised that ultimately the Sudanese would be in a position to govern themselves, but under the day-to-day pressure of local problems few of us really regarded this as something to be attained in our time. We were content to see that justice was done and that the country continued to make steady progress on an even financial keel. It was not that we clung to authority, but our pride in the machine which we and our predecessors had created made us unwilling to surrender it to possible misuse in inexpert hands. We doubted whether some of our tribal heads could resist the temptation to think less of justice than of profit and of pursuing family feuds. Above all we feared that the unlettered many might suffer at the hands of the educated few.

However, orders were orders and we carried them out. First of all,

our tribal leaders were given power to see that justice was done among their own people and, although the system creaked a little at first, it was an immediate success. We discovered almost at once that the authority of these tribal heads was not extinct. It had merely lain dormant under the harsh rule of the Khalifa and our own rather spoon-feeding methods. Now their position and prestige were rapidly restored. Meanwhile, young educated Sudanese from the towns were beginning to emerge from the Gordon College, but I am bound to say that we went on feeling more at home in dealing with the tribal leaders and their headmen. Rightly or wrongly we came to look on them and their families as the men to whom we would one day be surrendering our authority. With an eye to the future we did our best to see that whenever possible the sons of the sheikhs of the larger tribes were given places for further education in the Gordon College.

Devolution of authority in the township followed more democratic lines. There we arranged for the ratepayers to elect councils which took over a mass of local functions under the burden of which the District Commissioner had laboured for so long. Thus it has come about that many of the men who have been sitting on the Legislative Assembly in Khartoum first acquired a sense of responsibility and administrative experience either as hereditary sheikhs and chieftains or as elected chairmen of town and municipal councils.

So much for the build-up of local administration. But there was an equal need for technical experts. The few Sudanese doctors, school-masters, and engineers who had emerged from Gordon College proved to be highly intelligent and quick learners but, with few exceptions, they continued to work in the lower grades. Suddenly their chance came. During the war we had to release more and more of our younger British staff and the government machine would have collapsed had there not been ready to hand a number of Sudanese who could fill the gaps.

To take my province as an example: by the time the war ended there were four Sudanese political officers in positions of real responsibility, all boys' schools in the province were under Sudanese control, all the public-works buildings were being put up by Sudanese engineers, all the hospitals, save two, were manned by graduates of the Kitchener Medical School, and in the length and breadth of an area equal in size to England and Wales, and including the cotton-growing Gezira plain, so vital to the economics of the Sudan, there was only one British police officer. This advance was encouraged by the Central Government in Khartoum in every way. The Secretariat never allowed us to forget the need for pushing ahead with 'Sudanisation', as we called it, and year by year every provincial governor had to submit programmes for the progressive elimination of British staff.

The New Sudanese Bureaucracy

It is the administrative posts that the Sudanese are most anxious to take over, and largely for this reason the recruitment of British staff for the Political Service ceased altogether a year or two ago. But we have made it clear that these senior posts should alter in name and functions when they are 'Sudanised'. Instead of becoming district commissioners and governors of provinces, we felt that the Sudanese successors should regard themselves as the clerks of the town, district or provincial council as the case might be. We wanted to ensure that the new Sudanese bureaucracy should be the skilled and trained servants of elected bodies rather than their guides and mentors.

It is easy to understand the impatience of the Sudanese to take control and, looking back on my years in the Service, I can appreciate how these feelings must have been aggravated by our practice of adopting measures which were sound enough in themselves but which were put into force without any prior consultation with the governed. I will illustrate this by giving an example from my own experience. The Gezira Irrigation Scheme is a vast cotton-growing project in the province of which I was governor during my last seven years in the country. It is now controlled by a board appointed by the Government, but at that time it was run under a tripartite agreement. The Government, concession companies, and Sudanese tenants shared in the

proceeds of the sale of the cotton crop, each taking a percentage in return for the part played by each.

The first 300,000 acres were put under irrigation in 1926 and the early years produced heavy yields of cotton which, combined with high world prices, poured into the hands of the Sudanese tenants wealth beyond their wildest dreams. However much they got they were determined to squander it, and squander'd they did. Little went in permanent improvements to their property, nothing in savings, and the slump of 1930-31 caught them with such empty pockets that the two remaining partners had to carry the heavy loss which the mere operation of the irrigation scheme involved, until the tide began to turn. When it did, the Government and Companies agreed that a clause should be inserted into each tenant's agreement allowing the 'senior partners' to withhold a part of the tenants' share in a good year, and to invest it on their behalf in a 'Tenant's Reserve'. This action was so manifestly sound that, although we made no secret of it, no steps were taken to consult the tenants before taking it. And so, year by year, the Tenant's Reserve mounted up. Then, in 1946, the tenants suddenly 'discovered' that there was more than £1,000,000 standing to their credit which was being 'withheld' from them by their partners.

Share-out Demanded

There were by then 20,000 tenants working in the 1,000,000 acres of irrigated area, and almost with one accord they downed tools and flocked into the province capital demanding an instant share-out. They declared that they would not lift a hand to sow the new crop until 'their money' had been paid out in full. For days on end my headquarters was thronged around with a dense mass of white-robed, turbaned figures held firmly at bay by a thin line of khaki-clad Sudanese police. I tried my best to explain to their delegations how futile it would be to throw so vast a sum on to a market starved of imported goods after six years of war, when in fact they were enjoying a prosperity such as they had not known for fifteen years. Prices and yields, I pointed out, must one day fall, and they must have a reserve for the future support of their wives and children.

It was all in vain. The money was theirs, they said; there were things they wanted to buy and so they must have it at once. Hard times would no doubt come again, but Allah was merciful and He would provide. And now our hand was being forced from another quarter. The sowing of cotton in the Sudan is a strictly seasonal business, regulated by the onset of the rainy season and the rising levels of the Nile. Every day's delay was adding to the danger of ruining a whole year's crop, and in the end, after hurried consultations with the Central Government in Khartoum and the Companies' directors in London, we compromised by issuing £400,000, and the strike ended.

The crisis was over but its lesson was plain, and we learnt it. At once we set up a representative body elected from among the tenants. This now meets regularly with their partners' representatives, hearing each other's point of view and discussing matters of mutual concern. It is worth adding that this body has, since its formation, restored to the Reserve Fund the sum which they so rashly withdrew from it, and then proceeded to add to it a further £2,000,000.

But the days of 'esoteric rule' (as one of our Governors General used to call it) are over, and now the Sudanese have their Legislative Assembly, their own under-secretaries, their majority in the Executive Council, and self government just over the horizon. I have little doubt that, provided they retain a good proportion of their British staff over the next few years, and resist interference from Egypt, they will make a success of it. They will have, however, one great problem to solve and that is—how to overcome their own internal divisions.

What then are these divisions? Politics in the northern Moslem provinces have for years been bedevilled by the feud between the Mahdists and the Mirghanists and it is only comparatively recently that the desire for self government common to both sides has tended to cut across the old sectarian lines. A far more fundamental division in the Sudan, however, is that between the Moslem and comparatively sophisticated population of the Northern Provinces and the primitive tribes of Equatoria and the Upper Nile. I understand that there will be a separate talk* about this aspect of the Sudan question, so I will content myself with saying that although I consider it inevitable that the northern and southern Sudan should be run under one administration, yet I share the misgivings of many of my British colleagues at the thought that the primitive southern tribes must pass under the control of an assembly largely governed by 'northern' interests.

The evolution of the Sudan during the past fifty years has been

astonishing, but it is only natural that Mekki Abbas and I should view it from slightly different standpoints. To him the central theme has been the emergence of the educated Sudanese and their progress in taking over the reins of government. I would rather stress the achievement of the administration in bringing swift and inexpensive justice within the reach of the poorest citizen, in building up its social services, and in giving it a financial stability which may well be the envy of other countries in the Middle East. Education may at times have lagged a little, but Mekki Abbas' own successes are in themselves a testimonial to his schooling. The fact that this evolution has taken place under what has virtually been a British Protectorate in the Sudan, and that Britain is pledged to complete her work there, cannot but have a very important bearing on the discussions with Egypt.

This brings me to the question of Egyptian claims to sovereignty over the whole of the Nile valley. Her leaders base these claims on historical conquest, on Egypt's needs for room for her growing population, and on the necessity for safeguarding her water supply. As far as the Egyptian people are concerned, their sovereign rights matter less to them now than they did a month or two ago, and they have hitherto shown no signs of attempting to solve their population problem by settling in what is to them essentially an alien, a barren, and inhospitable land, and among a people differing from them so widely in race and character.

All Egyptians, however, whatever their position in life or political sympathies may be, realise that not only the prosperity but the very existence of their nation depends on the proper regulation of the Nile waters. The Sudanese are many of them already advocating a revision of the Nile Waters Agreement of 1929. This was drawn up by Britain and Egypt at a time when conditions in the Sudan were very different from what they are today, and so took far too little account of Sudanese future requirements for her expanding irrigation scheme in the Northern Provinces. Nevertheless, it would be all too easy for a future Sudanese government to alienate world sympathy by using their geographical position to amend the agreement too drastically, and thus deprive Egypt of her fair share.

Mekki Abbas, in an admirably lucid chapter on this complicated subject, gives a fair and accurate picture of the Egyptian claims. He favours, and I for one am sure that he is right, the suggestion contained in the Morrison proposals of 1951: that the regulation of the waters of the Nile should be under the control of some international body—not forgetting that Ethiopia and Uganda are also interested parties. Egypt could never hope to maintain her rights in the Nile waters merely by asserting her sovereignty over the vast basin through which it flows. Furthermore, she would be acting contrary to everything her politicians have said about the rights of the smaller nations.

And now what of Britain's interests in the Sudan? Mekki Abbas sets them out under several headings: he points out that the Sudan has an importance for us as a field for financial investment, as a foreign market for our goods, as a country offering scope for Englishmen who prefer to seek a career abroad, as a strategic base and as a link in our air communications across Africa. Of these it is only the last two which could reasonably be regarded as strong enough to influence our policy towards the Sudan and its future. Its importance to our cause in the last war was considerable, but largely disappeared with the elimination of Italian control from Ethiopia. I have never heard Khartoum seriously suggested as a military base to replace the Suez Canal, and, as far as air communications go, there is no reason why we should not come to an *ad hoc* agreement with the new Sudan Government.

Britain's Interests Sentimental?

Finally, he refers to the 'paternal' interest which we feel towards a country in which we have incurred such heavy moral obligations. The interests of Britain in the Sudan are indeed largely those of sentiment, going back to the tragedy of Gordon's death in Khartoum, and gaining strength from pride in a great administrative achievement. How slight are her material interests there—strategic or economic—we who served there know only too well. Our fear has always been that our Government at home might be tempted to secure agreement with Egypt over the Suez Canal by using as a makeweight some concession to Egyptian claims to sovereignty over the Sudan. Had Britain really considered her own material interests and not those of the Sudanese, she would have done this long ago. It is my personal conviction that the issue of the Sudan question is for us a moral one. Our word has been pledged to the Sudanese people that they, and they alone, shall decide the future of their nation, and we must stand by it.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Warsaw 1952: Rebirth of a Capital

GRAEME SHANKLAND gives the first of two talks on Warsaw

WARSAW today has been called 'the city of a thousand building sites'. But when I saw it this summer it looked like one vast building site: certainly the biggest I have ever seen and probably the biggest site in Europe today. For this city which in the last months of Nazi terror, less than eight years ago, was a dead city—most of it empty save for a few people living secretly in caves—is today the home and work place of 800,000 people: 70,000 of these are at work rebuilding it—and it is essentially one job on one site, not only because building is going on over the whole area of the city, but because every new building, street or open space is part of the new Warsaw plan; and it is this plan I want to discuss here, rather than those factors, social, administrative and legislative, which are, of course, relevant to it.

But I must say something about the growth and nature of the city, because any plan is affected by these things, also about the extraordinary history of what happened to it in those terrible years between 1939 and 1945. On top of the 100-foot escarpment, the physical backbone of the city, stood the first medieval town. This regular and compact little settlement survived until 1595. In 1595 King Sigismund transferred the capital here from Cracow and with him came the nobility, the administration and parliament, and throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the nobles laid out their baroque palaces and parks. They built them on the plateau land to the west, clear of the dirt and restrictions of the old town, and southwards along the escarpment, with their gardens on its slopes overlooking the river valley.

In the nineteenth century, Warsaw became a great industrial centre, growing from a city of 70,000 to one of a little short of 1,000,000. All this time, however, a rebellious Tsarist provincial capital, it had nothing that could be called a local municipal administration, so this expansion, which trebled the area of the city, spread uncontrolled, engulfing the baroque palaces and planning schemes of the last Polish kings in a dense, regular, and monotonous grid of block upon block of sunless and squalid working class tenements. At the same time, across the river, the little trading settlement of Praga, following the building of the first fixed bridge over the Vistula and the arrival of the railways, rapidly developed as a centre of heavy industry. Smaller industries sprang up in the city on both sides of the river, and housing, but not sewers and services, was put up for these new workers on cheap land in the outer suburbs.

During this present century the city continued spreading uncontrolled, and although in the years before 1939 some model housing schemes were erected on the outskirts and some important new buildings in the centre, the municipality was not able to make any substantial impression on the sprawling and congested city it had inherited. In 1939 Warsaw, a city bigger than Birmingham, held over 1,250,000 people. It was the densest of all European capitals; more than two-thirds of its housing consisted of one- or two-room flats and in those one-room flats lived an average of between three and four people. Surveys showed more than half the buildings to be without sewerage, and only sixty per cent. had a public water supply. For all that it had retained most

of its fine palaces and public buildings, it was a university city, a great industrial centre, and above all the capital and heart of a nation.

Then came the war. Warsaw fell to the German armies on September 25, 1939. It suffered much damage during its fifteen days of siege and popular resistance, but that was barely a tenth of the destruction that was to follow. During 1940 the Nazis began to concentrate Jews from all over Warsaw and its suburbs in Muranow, the main Jewish quarter, a dense tenement ant-heap where most of Warsaw's 300,000



The new East-West Highway in Warsaw: a photograph taken in 1949 when it was completed, and (left) the ghetto of Warsaw after the Nazis had destroyed it, leaving 'not the wall of one house standing'



Jews were already living. The Nazis built a wall down the centre of its boundary streets and made it a ghetto. In November 1942 the first deportations to the extermination camps began and continued, until Easter 1943 when those Jews left in the ghetto rose in revolt. For three weeks they fought; they were almost all killed—a bare handful escaping through the sewers. During the days that followed those women, children and old people not killed during the rising were murdered in the tenements as the Nazis destroyed the ghetto

they had created, the whole north central residential area of the city, block by block, until there was not the wall of one house standing.

But this was not the end of Warsaw's suffering; for in August 1944 was the tragic Warsaw uprising, defeated only after sixty-three days' struggle. Some 250,000 more people were killed, and the Nazis, as a reprisal, in the autumn of that year set about the systematic destruction of what was left of the city. What was left of the population was expelled to the outermost suburbs and beyond, the rest of the west bank city sealed off, and special technical units, the *Vernichtungskommando*, began obliterating the city with flame-throwers and carefully placed demolition charges, building by building. The historic palaces and public buildings received special attention; the magnificent eighteenth-century royal castle, which had been damaged by fire in 1939, was now utterly destroyed. In January 1945 the city was liberated from the Nazis and this terrible catalogue of slaughter and destruction comes to an end. At once the people began to return; back from all parts of the Polish countryside, from the slave camps of Germany, and

a few from the extermination camps. In the depths of winter they returned on foot with handcarts, those long Polish farm waggons, and just bundles on their backs, to a ruined city; without heat, gas, electricity, or transport, where the rubble lay so thick you could not see where the streets had been. Eighty-five per cent. of Warsaw proper, the west bank city, had been destroyed, the only housing standing being in the outer suburbs and in Praga across the river.

Strong opinions had been voiced that Cracow should now be the capital city; it had been up until 1595 and was completely undamaged. But this question the people themselves were deciding, 'with their feet'. At the end of January the government passed a law saying that Warsaw was to be rebuilt. It was a difficult and historic decision, for they had inherited the ruins of a city built without a plan. First the city had to be cleared of mines. This was done by the Soviet and Polish forces, who also got the essential services, water, electricity, sewerage, telephones, and radio going again. Then everyone lent a hand, clearing the streets of rubble and stacking re-usable bricks. Much of the rubble has now gone, partly to be crushed and re-used as wall and floor blocks; and partly for embanking the Vistula, but there is still a special train at work every day carrying rubble off the site of the ghetto.

A Metropolis Comes to Life

Things began to improve. The death rate fell; children started going to school again. Four new bridges were built over the river, and the metropolis came to life. By 1948 almost all those buildings that could be reconstructed had been, save for the longer-term jobs of reconstructing the historic buildings. But the reconstructed housing, together with the relatively undamaged, still made up only forty-three per cent. of the pre-war total. Nineteen forty-nine, then, marked the end of reconstruction in the strict sense, and the beginnings of construction. This new phase in the city's life was signalled by two important events—the opening of the East-West Highway, and the adoption of the Warsaw Reconstruction Plan.

The story of the East-West Highway, the first new major planning and construction scheme, is important, not only in itself, but because it illustrates the way in which they are now going about the job. Before the war there had been a high-level bridge running out from the top of the escarpment linking the old medieval city to Praga. This with its viaduct cut the river valley in two and screened much of the royal castle group of buildings from view. The bridge, of course, had gone, but only one of the arches of the viaduct, and it was a comparatively simple matter to replace that. This the Ministry of Transport and the road engineers wanted to do, and put back a new high-level bridge. But the planners of the new Warsaw Reconstruction Office proposed to demolish the remains of the viaduct, build the new bridge at a lower level, and instead of carrying its traffic to the top of the escarpment and across the entry to the old medieval city as before the war, to take it through a new tunnel into the escarpment, under the Old City and up the other side, creating in effect a fly-over with slip roads on either side. This was a much more ambitious and costly project, and even involved demolishing some standing housing; but it was a brilliantly conceived piece of three-dimensional town planning, with great architectural and traffic advantages. Deadlock was reached between the Ministry of Transport and the planners. Clearly this was a test case. A widespread discussion followed and the merits of the two proposals were debated at length in the newspapers. Then the President decided in favour of the planners' solution, and the new East-West Highway, over four miles long, with its 200-yard tunnel and fine simple steel bridge from Silesia, was completed in July 1949. This was triumph for the long-term over the short-term view and for imaginative planning over the stock solution. Its success firmly established the reputation of the planners with the public and the government. It was a good omen for the six-year Warsaw Plan to run from 1950 to 1955, which was publicly presented the same year.

This plan is the first instalment of the capital's twenty-year plan, due to be completed by 1970. This is the basis of all building activity; no building takes place that is not part of it; it is intended to realise it in five- or six-year stages, coinciding with the stages of the national economic plan. In 1955 Greater Warsaw is planned to be a city of 1,000,000 people, with its administrative boundary extended to cover an area a little under three times larger than before the war. In 1970 the estimate is for a city of 2,000,000 people, this figure being based on the expected economic needs of the whole country. This expansion will enable everyone to be housed at much lower densities than formerly, and most of this housing will be in new residential districts

outside the city centre. Each of these residential districts is being developed simultaneously with its adjoining industrial district, so that most workers will not have to go through the city to and from work.

Within the residential districts themselves, and being built simultaneously with the housing, are the schools, creches, shops, laundries, workshops, cinemas, youth clubs, and cultural centres planned to complete the life of the local community. Most of the housing we saw is of the four-storey type—and almost all of it is to be in flats. The blocks being designed and erected today are laid out so that while they get plenty of daylight and sunlight, each contributes to the architectural build up of the city by presenting a continuous elevation to the new wide main thoroughfares. Industry, formerly scattered throughout the city and mixed up with housing, is now being concentrated in four main districts each of which is accessible in a few minutes' walk from several residential districts. The new Warsaw will be an important centre of heavy and precision industry. Twenty-eight per cent. of public investment in building during the six-year plan is going into building for industry, which is, of course, also publicly owned. From a look at the completed factories, which are among the best new buildings in the city, it was clear that they have received the greatest attention in design and detailing while their architects have first call on scarce materials.

The central area, a mile wide and two-and-a-half miles long, is clearly separated, by a wide green park belt, from the rest of the city. Within it, and woven into its new pattern of highways, streets and buildings, is the reconstructed medieval, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Warsaw. The baroque palaces and gardens (now used for professional institutes and ministries), the churches, the great neo-classical compositions like the opera and the national bank, are being rebuilt and restored with the greatest care and skill, mostly out of state funds. The new public buildings, and many of great architectural interest are already finished, and are sited on the main highways and in squares opening off them. These, seen with the old buildings and churches and the new housing, are designed and sited to form a comprehensive civic design, so that moving through the city one will see a picture of it that is constantly changing but always composed. Here also, in the heart of the metropolis, three large settlements of workers' flats are being built. One of these is within the shell of the thirteenth- and fourteenth-century city (but with new internal plans and with sanitation) and in three-storey flats adjoining it, skilfully designed to maintain the character of the area. Another is an entirely new community of 50,000 on the site of the ghetto at Muranow. The third is the new Marszalkowska area for 45,000 people, 25,000 of whom are to be in new housing. We saw the opening of the first completed part where Marszalkowska Street, the Oxford Street of Warsaw, has been doubled in width, and Constitution Place, a new square about the size of Grosvenor Square, built in the middle of it. This square is enclosed by a single composition of buildings seven and eight storeys high, with a continuous band of tall shops on the ground floor and flats above them.

Restoring Canaletto's Panorama

The panorama of the city centre from without has been the subject of much discussion. The famous view of the city as it appeared to Canaletto in the eighteenth century from across the Vistula is already rising again—the escarpment silhouette of stepped and pitched roofs pierced by the spires and gables of the churches and crowned by the Royal Castle. The remainder of the central area with a general level of some eighty feet, will be punctuated by carefully sited, new, tall tower buildings. The tallest of these new towers will be that of the Palace of Culture and Science. This will house the Polish Academy of Sciences and research institutes, a youth centre, a congress hall for 4,000, a concert hall, and other conference, exhibition and cinema halls, and is the gift of the Soviet Union to Poland, being built by Soviet craftsmen with imported Soviet steel and other materials. When I visited its site, the foundations were in and it was being worked twenty-four hours a day in three eight-hour shifts. It is scheduled for completion in less than three years, and so is the area around it, which is at the moment the subject of a competition between the leading Polish architects due to be judged at the end of this month.

A brief word on the style of these new buildings. One cannot generalise about it, there are so many experiments going on—'functional', classical; Polish, cosmopolitan; bold and timid—and by no means all of them successful. Warsaw is a great field laboratory for the testing of these ideas, and the very quantity and importance of the work, instead of inhibiting experiment seems to be stimulating it. One of their leading architects, Szymon Syrkus, explained this to me. 'We

are still trying to find', he said, 'a means of expressing our new society, and it calls for a great deal of trial and error'. And most of them are now trying, by developing the traditional forms of Polish architecture, to find fresh ways of expressing the life and character of their reborn capital.

There is much more I could tell you: the progress in building the first line of the new Underground, and the new park system stretching for two miles along the Vistula valley. But I must try and sum up. For the planners, rebuilding a city of 1,000,000 people, while nearly three-quarters of that population is already in it, is a difficult and complex problem. And certainly the people are having to put up with many difficulties and discomforts. Many of them are still crowded two to a room, but rents, on the other hand, are now fixed by regulation at

a maximum of ten per cent. and average nearer five per cent. of their incomes. At the same time there are many factors which greatly simplify planning. The greatest is that since 1945 all freehold interests in land have been vested in the municipality and therefore the problem of high land values, always the obstacle to radical city planning, has ceased to be a problem.

Today, Warsaw is in the middle of its six-year plan. I asked Joseph Sigalin (its Chief Architect) if, on the basis of what they had done in the last three years, he thought they would in fact complete this formidable programme. He replied that they were already further ahead in some respects than they had originally planned, and that they would complete the plan, if there is no war. If we return to Warsaw in three years' time, as we were invited to do, we shall see for ourselves.—*Third Programme*

The Life Cycle in America

By MAX LERNER

IN the heat of the presidential campaign, which was supposed to have started on what we call a 'high level' but has been growing tangled and bitter, I want to turn to some less-fevered reflections on the American character. One way to get at the quality of a culture is to ask how the human personality fares in it from birth to death. Anatole France once said that every child born into any society comes into it with a beard. He carries with him the growths of social habits formed over centuries of social living, and the burden also of the taboos and social standards that he dare not violate. Or, to change the figure, the journey of the personality in any culture is like trying to walk under water, or struggling past heavy obstacles in an enveloping dream.

One of the fascinating things about life in America is that it is nervous and mobile, and that even these social habits and attitudes never stand still. The scholarly books that try to impale them forever are likely to be out of date before they have become fully accepted. I should like to give some instances of these changes of attitudes at several stages of the American life cycle. For example, the American attitudes toward the child in the nursery are changing. One of the things that foreign observers have noted in the past is the great cultural anxiety that has pervaded American parenthood about how to bring up the child, especially among so-called 'progressive' parents and in the middle-class household. The American parents, under the influence of the Freudians, have brooded over all the moot questions of child rearing. An agonised parental debate is always in process: why does the child suck its thumb? When should he be weaned and trained? Is he too timid and retiring, or is he a bully and a smasher of household furnishings? Is he too aggressive or not aggressive enough? Does he eat like a little pig or is he too finicky? Does he withdraw or show off? Is he well or badly 'adjusted', as the phrase goes? Is discipline too stern or too careless? Does he need most (as an earlier generation put it) 'the Bible and the birch-rod', or a consultation with a psychiatrist and some 'play-therapy'?

I am happy to report that some of this anxious over-concentration on the child is beginning to yield to less obsessive attitudes. In a recent article on 'Destiny in the Nursery', Harold Orlansky pointed out how little is actually known in any experimental way about the terrors of one way of child-care or another that are supposed to seal the fate of the child. And articles have been appearing in recent months in the big, mass-circulation magazines for women, telling mothers and fathers that they can relax: that the vaunted 'authorities' actually know less than they have pretended to know. Several of these articles have been by Dr. Benjamin Speck, whose *Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care* has sold millions of copies in cheap paper editions in the past five years. Its great merits are that it is concrete, undogmatic, flexible. In talks to child-study groups all over the country the new note of the speakers is that the parents may get rid of their anxieties, use some common sense, trust their instincts; that what the child needs most is a great measure of love and security, a flexible treatment inside a rather firm frame of family habits and rules. There has been a spate of recent studies of 'normal' and 'healthy' children, as a welcome relief from the earlier studies of neurotic, delinquent, and even psychotic ones, especially in the extreme cases of withdrawal and

regression. The studies of normal and happy children emerge with the discovery that there is no one way of achieving their well-being; that they come from a variety of classes and incomes and family backgrounds, and have been subject to a variety of ways of rearing and discipline. But in most cases the methods used were used with consistency, instead of the former shifting in anguished anxiety from one vacillating method to another.

I can also report, on the score of the child's schooling, another change in American attitudes. The old debate between the 'progressive' methods of teaching in schools and the more orthodox ones is becoming a battle between straw-men. It is true that there are still hysterical groups of super-patriots who attack the progressive schools as seed-beds of communism and dens of iniquity, and who still hiss the name of John Dewey, although it contains not a single sibilant. But the fact is that the progressive schools, as they have grown older, have grown milder. In their earlier recoil from the discipline of the orthodox school, they had allowed the school to become a child-centred anarchy. They now provide a framework of discipline within which the child feels secure, so that he can develop flexibly along his own paths of growths. But I add that many of the other schools are learning the progressive methods, and the two are meeting each other midway.

One of the most striking studies of the process of growing up in America is, curiously enough, a recent book of literary scholarship. It is *Sam Clemens of Hannibal*, by Dixon Wecter, a California professor whose tragic death when he had all but finished the book will be a great loss to American letters. Wecter, who was the custodian of the Mark Twain papers, planned a new biography of Mark Twain in several volumes. This one carries him fortunately through his boyhood, up to the time when—as young Sam Clemens—he left his home-town of Hannibal, Missouri, to become a river-pilot on the Mississippi, a miner, a journalist, a humorist, a novelist. What interests me most about Wecter's book—since I am not a Mark Twain scholar—is the light that it sheds on the growing up process in America. As Wecter points out, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* have entered so deeply into the consciousness of America as the great boyhood-idylls that Hannibal, the home-town in which Twain grew up and from which he drew for his greatest work, has become 'the home-town of boys everywhere'.

This pattern of American boyhood, largely taken from Mark Twain's books, is well known: the swimming adventures, the fence painting, the treasure hunts, the blood-curdling oaths of gang secrecy, the cult of male separateness from females. One of the striking elements of this Mark Twain tradition is its emphasis on the badness and 'maleness' of boys. Every American boy, as he grows toward his teens, is expected to be intractable about soap and water, to look (whatever his family's means) like a ragged waif, to resist the blandishments of school and teachers, to be awkward with little girls and flee their advances. This tradition of the good bad-boy is one that the elders cherish in their nostalgia for their own youth, and their sense of constriction under the social ties that chafe them.

What Wecter points out with unanswerable detail is that Mark Twain also looked back at his boyhood with a nostalgia that often

blurred and distorted his memories. In retrospect Hannibal was Eden, but mainly because in the trials and darkness of his mature life he found it necessary to turn his boyhood into the Golden Age. Actually, there were many things about that boyhood that were far from idyllic. There was a stern father, clinging to the frayed gentility of his descent, always involved in crack-brained schemes and failures. There was the constant burden of poverty, and Mark's need for a succession of jobs after his father's death; there were all the terrors and violence of life in a frontier town still riddled by the fierce energies of American growth.

'The Variations of Terror'

What emerges most clearly from the book is how deeply the 'variations of terror'—the murders, the ghosts, the feuds, the corpses, the drownings, the pursuit of runaway slaves—left their scars on Mark's memory; but also how they gave him his vigour and creativeness of imagination. There are many Americans, as well as foreign observers, today who worry about the strain of violence in the movies and the 'comics' and the television shows with which American youngsters grow up. They have an idyllic version of what the earlier American boyhood was like—an idyll that the real facts of Mark Twain's boyhood should dispel. It was strong meat on which young Mark fed. What I am more concerned about in the American boyhood of today is not the strain of violence but the tendency to substitute the passive experience of the movie or the television set for the direct experience that Twain had. In Hannibal there was a whole world of security and danger, of tenderness and terror, all within the compassable confines of a small town. It is this compassable quality that the American boyhood is in danger of losing.

Moving on in the American life cycle, I want to talk about some changes in the attitudes toward courtship and love. Much has been written on the American 'dating-rating pattern', as it is usually called. Foreign observers regard it as strikingly American, although the Americans tend to take it for granted. To 'have a date' is the raw material of courtship; to date the same partner a number of times is a sign of being smitten; to change dates frequently is, on the other hand, a token of being heart free. For a girl to be 'dated up' is proof that she is 'popular', and (as on any market) the high rate of demand enhances the value of the commodity. Thus girls—and boys, too—are rated by the difficulty one has in trying to date them, and they are dated largely because of the rating they have achieved. That, at any rate, has been the theory. And such observers as Margaret Mead and Geoffrey Gorer have described it in terms of a competitive game of chess, a ritual of granting and withholding which has become highly formalised, a loveless and sexless pattern in which the rules of playing the game have crowded out the primal exultation of wooing and being in love. I am sceptical about this. From my experience as a university teacher and also as a multiple parent, I think many students have overstressed the mechanism and heartlessness of dating. Much of the parrying is the effort of the adolescent boy or girl to find his identity, to discover the limits of social acceptance and rejection, to try out the moral codes, to exchange experience with an age-peer who shares one's problems and perplexities.

But, here again, I think I have some news to report. Those who know something about morals on the campus have observed that the mechanical dating-pattern is breaking down. In fact, this is one of the most marked of the rather few changes in the overt pattern of sexual behaviour in America since the great 'sexual revolution' of the 1920s, in the days of Scott Fitzgerald. The first volume of Kinsey's sex study sheds some light on this, in the figures on what he calls 'petting-to-climax' of the American male on the college level. Kinsey's figures show that by the age of twenty, almost half the college-level boys have taken part in such petting, while this applies to less than a fourth of the grade-school level at that age. Assuming that the college-level partners set standards of courtship which are followed by other classes at a later remove, which I think is accurate, one hazards that young Americans are seeking a way of expressing their sexual drives while maintaining technically the forms and the sense of limits of the community.

The new tendency is for daters to pair off, which means that dating in the strict sense of rapidly shifting fencing matches between girl and boy is of shorter duration. The 'pairs' may last during a whole college year, or even during most of the four years. They will often be found even among high-school juniors and seniors, and may stretch on after college during the years when the boy is at a professional training

school or is trying himself at a job. What they represent is something this side of the experimental 'companionate marriage' that was the moot issue of Judge Ben Lindsey's tome two generations ago, yet it has some of the same features. It is really a semi-companionate of two young people who cannot afford yet to marry, who have no living quarters together, who restrict themselves in the main to intensive petting, with both its satisfactions and its frustrations. Nevertheless, they are together almost constantly and are recognised as a 'couple' by their friends, who are themselves paired off in the same kind of couples. The 'dating' in the older sense is thus a preliminary to this pairing off process—lasting just long enough for the pairs to arrange themselves.

The result is not a particularly happy one. It is likely to be a double egoism which narrows social experience long before marriage itself. A recent article in a woman's fashion magazine laments the decline of the famous 'stag line' at dances, where a girl used to have the dizzying sense that Tolstoy describes when he tells of Natalie's first ball in *War and Peace*—the sense of being cut in on by a succession of attractive partners competing for her favour. The stag line is dying because the pairing off comes much earlier now and is quite rigid. But the new trend must be seen as a working compromise that young Americans have found between the economic difficulty of an early marriage and the need for a constant compatible partner. It is another expression of the craving for psychological security which is, to my mind, the most corroding development in the American character.

We shall know something more about this theme, as about others in American sexual life, when the second volume of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's vast study is published. The first volume was on *The Sexual Behaviour of the American Male*. The second will deal with the American female. It would be difficult to overstate the eager expectation with which the world of American scholarship awaits it. It is now at least a year over due. There have been magazine writers who have proffered what they have called a 'preview' of Kinsey's findings, but they have been publicly repudiated by Kinsey himself. There are publishers who have for several years had a corps of writers in readiness, waiting to seize the review copies of Kinsey's new book as soon as it appears, and rush into print popular interpretations of it for the large market that Kinsey's own statistical tables and graphs cannot reach.

American Preoccupation with Sex

This has its amusing and ironic aspects, and shows again the degree of American preoccupation with sex. Yet it is also proof that the turmoil of criticism which Kinsey's first volume stirred up was not the notable thing about it. A group of American statisticians recently sat in judgment on the statistical and sampling methods used by Kinsey and his associates and their verdict was, on the whole, favourable. The more serious criticisms have come from psychoanalysts like Dr. Lawrence F. Kubie, who have pointed out how little is learned about the sexual relation by studying the frequency of outlets, since that must necessarily leave out of account the varying emotional content in each of them. Yet within the narrower limits that Kinsey distinctly set for himself, his work has proved of great usefulness. I know of a number of studies of various phases of the American life cycle whose completion is being held up until Kinsey drops his other shoe. That in itself is a tribute to a revolutionary work of scholarship which is helping to shape, as well as to describe, the sexual patterns of American life.

I cannot leave the theme without a plea for a fresh and direct revaluing of the American national character as shaped by its life experience and by the growth of the personality in the culture. The old stereotypes will no longer do. They are not only outworn; since they lead to deep misunderstanding, they are also dangerous.—*Third Programme*

Recent publications include the following books: *Developments in Psycho-Analysis*, by Melanie Klein, Paula Heimann, Susan Isaacs and Joan Riviere (Hogarth, 30s.); *British War Production*, by M. M. Postan, and *Works and Buildings*, by C. M. Kohan (H.M.S.O. and Longmans); *History of the Second World War*, 32s. 6d. each); *The Seven Years of William IV: a Reign Cartooned by John Doyle*, by G. M. Trevelyan, o.m. (Avalon Press and Heinemann, 42s.); *Essays in the Sociology of Knowledge*, by Karl Mannheim (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.); *History of Russian Philosophy*, by N. O. Lossky (Allen and Unwin, 30s.), and *Caravan: the Story of the Middle East*, by Carleton S. Coon (Cape, 28s.). The seventh annual report of the Nuffield Foundation, which lists its allocation of grants for research and scholarships, has now been published. So has the report of the National Trust for 1951-52.

A Man-made World—I

Philistine Victory

By ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN

Architecture is a social art—so tied to man's purpose that it is a mere truism to say that it must reflect its own world whether it wants to or not. Not even the poet or painter can shut himself so fast in his ivory tower that his poetry and painting shall not also reflect their own world—indeed, it would seem that the artist is never so much a child of his time as when he is most sure that he is escaping from it, never so much a rebel that we—looking back—cannot see him embedded firmly in history. Shelley—atheist-rebel in an age of high orthodoxy—is for us, who are his posterity, almost more symbolic of his age than were the orthodox. And Rossetti painting pre-Raphaelite dreams was—we see now—only the other side of the medal that was the Railway Age. And if the poet and painter, how much more so the architect. Georgian orthodoxy could never really build parish churches to look like pagan temples; in the end, oddly enough, they looked just like parish churches—very Anglican ones—and the men who built them palpably Georgian. And Pugin, the more ardently, even the more accurately, he took us back with him to the fourteenth century, the more inevitably did he emerge as an eminent Victorian. Even the best pastiche dates.

Romantic rebellion, at the time so vital, we see now as almost futile—and yet, looking on that world, what else could have happened; for it is only when everything combines to make a supreme moment in history that the artist needs neither to escape nor to rebel. Buildings and cities, no less than the men who make them, do not spring from genius alone, but from a thousand circumstances.

If supremely great architecture is the product of a thousand circumstances then the real moments of history that made it must be rare. But there were such moments. There really was a warm, thyme-scented morning—eighty generations ago—when the sun struck hot on the marble steps of the theatre, and for the first time in all the world the Attic crowd heard the cry of Oedipus; on the rock above them the Parthenon was white and the scaffold was round the Propylaea. A thousand circumstances that had been growing through ten thousand years had all gone to the making of that moment. It needed all that. And God knows what flowed from it—Byzantine domes and western monasteries, Shakespearean tragedy, half our science, and a whole dynamic of structure. There was in history to be only one more such moment when, in

the lovely waste that was medieval Europe, there stood on each horizon crisp and dreaming towers. And then—man had finished for ever with his golden ages.

The last of the grey knights, the gypsies, and priests had gone over the hill. There reigned instead Renaissance princes. Every age, however, like every being, is a dying organism; in its heart it carries its end. In the very perfection of Attica was a fatal self-absorption; the medieval world, resting on faith, died when there was doubt. So, too, the very luxury of this age of princes lacked all universality. Above all, its snob-culture meant scholarship; scholarship without the priest substituted enquiry for authority. In the long run that meant science, and in the womb of science was industry.

So when, at last, the smoke from the great, black cities drifted across English farmlands, they were the farmlands of squires and hunting parsons and—in their John Bull way—peers and princes. At the dawn of the Industrial Revolution, England—for all its English coarseness—was an aristocratic world: secure, stable, and serene in the ownership of its peasants and its lands, in the Corinthian porticos of patrician mansions, in the classical culture of Eton and Oxford. That, surely, was a world that must go on for ever. And yet—on the horizon of that Age of Reason hung the black, drifting smoke of the Age of Revolt. Behind that smoke from northern counties lay reform and radicalism—political revolt; also industry and the assembly line—economic revolt; and, oddest and most unexpected of all, Romanticism—cultural revolt. The glittering princes had followed the grey knights over the hill; now it was the reign of the railway kings and the ironmasters. The artist had a new canvas—the most curious there had ever been.

Out of that roaring conflict that was the nineteenth century how can one make a clear picture—clear in aspect

and in meaning? And yet—if we are to understand ourselves as we are today—that is what we must do. First, then, it really was all turmoil and conflict. We can, if we like, recall wistfully a hundred quiet Victorian scenes—country rectories on autumn afternoons, the sprigged muslin in Kensington Gardens, or the dreaming, empty spaces of the High at Oxford; but the true picture of the age is one of deep darks, highlights, and misery—an apocalyptic canvas by Martin, everything gloom or flame, the gloom of the workhouse or the flame of the Black Country furnace. It was this great, booming England of cash and railways—of raw



The visual world of the fourteenth century—where the professional architect was unknown—was all architecture



... the gloom of the workhouse, or the flame of Black Country furnaces

embankments skirting ancient parks—that was the background to our conflict. In that conflict there were three armies; those three armies of Victorian England can be symbolised by three figures—Aristocrat, Romantic, and Philistine. And the Philistine was a giant.

We can quite easily, of course, work out some definition of architecture—architecture, that is, by the professional architect—that would enable us to ignore the Philistine, to ignore Manchester, Sheffield, the pit-heads and the docks, and to discuss once again just those few score of buildings—mostly country houses—that the art-historians label as significant: the works of Webb, Voysey, Mackintosh, Lethaby, and so on. That has been done most admirably by Dr. Pevsner in his book: *Pioneers of Modern Design*. As we shall see, such buildings are significant in their rather esoteric way, even if so few that their direct contribution to the visual scene is almost nil. What I am concerned with, however, is this making of a whole visual world: first the world of the railway and then of the motor-car, those two tentacles that marked out more precisely than any planner the potential of urban growth. In that visual world architecture was almost completely unimportant.

'The Whole Scheme of Things'

In those golden ages one was never concerned with geniuses or pioneers, only with the whole scheme of things—village churches, barns, agricultural systems and the sculpture at Chartres. And if some dream-like medieval town was a mere chance conglomeration around a labyrinth of alleys—not the work of a 'pioneer'—and if the great Pont du Gard was only a useful waterworks built by Roman sappers, then how can one, if one is honest, deal only with Dr. Pevsner's pioneers, how can one ignore the slum-landlord, the ironmaster, the railway king, the engineer, the jerry-builder and the Air Ministry? They are the creators. For over 100 years this Philistine giant has been making the world around us, and only when the professional architect has come to terms with him—perhaps to the point of self-annihilation—can any modern movement in architecture even begin to matter, in real history. The visual world of the fourteenth century, where the professional architect was unknown, was all architecture; the visual world of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, where the professional architect has tried so hard to cut a dash, has hardly, in his sense, been architecture at all. The dominant figure—looming through smoky skies like Turner's *Polyphemus* through crimson clouds—has been the Philistine.

In this triangular conflict—Aristocrat, Philistine, Romantic—it was the Aristocrat who was fighting his last rearguard action. All that high, snob, classical taste that had begun long ago in those villas outside Florence, reached its eighteenth-century apogee with our own Palladians and Burlingtonians; but now it became the pride, the consolation, of the few—scholars, antiquarians, sycophants of academies and their last patrons. The patrons might draw rents or royalties from looms or mines, but their last impress upon the world was a third-hand sort of affair—the Doric monuments of Edinburgh and the town-halls of the industrial cities: Elme's St. George's Hall in Liverpool or Hansom's Roman temple in Birmingham. The final swan-song, when classical trappings had become a mere insignia of commercial pretensions, came between the wars, with city banks, insurance offices, and even department stores—the putrescent corpse of something that had begun gloriously with Brunelleschi and had ended, I suppose, with Sir John Soane.

No, the real battle—symbol of the great Victorian schizophrenia—was between the Romantic David and the Philistine Goliath. By the time the age was taking shape and the cities of the coalfields had doubled and tripled their populations, the Romantic army was mobilised. Paradoxically it had been a product of the classical age; it was the English eccentrics—Walpole, Beckford, the Regent himself, born in the purple but ineffably bored with the ineffable boredom of the Age of Reason—who, in amusing themselves with Gothick follies and confections, had brought into being the Gothic Revival—that curiously English wing of the Romantic Movement.

A Revolution in the Visual World

Paradoxically, too, it was the Philistine, in the guise of the new bourgeoisie, who made this English Romanticism into something so serious that it did create, like the railways, a revolution in the visual world. It may all have been some kind of self-compensation for exclusion from the classical culture of those lords whom he despised but loved; it may have been that Gothic in some dim way suggested piety, or that—even

more dimly—romance had something to do with progress; it may have been sheer reaction against the squalor of the mills; whatever it was, these new masters of the world, with their wives and daughters, did—as they basked in the sunlight of rising Consols—lap up most avidly and earnestly the new Romanticism. They never saw that they had taken the plaything of the eccentrics and turned it into a culture; they never saw that this culture was, above everything, a criticism of their own life.

Pugin's *Contrasts*, Carlyle's *Past and Present*, Ruskin's *Seven Lamps*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, pre-Raphaelite painting—all these were stones in David's sling, let fly against the world of cash and tunnels. And—oddly enough—they were welcome. It was in Liverpool, Birmingham, and Belfast—not in Belgravia or the great country houses—that the Victorian Romantics found a market. The 'official' Gothic of the Palace at Westminster, the new Law Courts, or the Butterfield church at the corner of the leafy suburban road—with its hassocks and Minton tiles—had made the whole idea respectable, or so it seemed. It was, was it not, part of an exciting, a progressive, and enlightened era?

Into a complex civilisation which would otherwise have been very rigidly divided between the old aristocracy and new industrial magnate—almost, one might say, between the raw, busy England of the coal measures and the old, leisurely England of the clay and the oölite—there thus slipped in, somehow or other, these pre-Raphaelite dreamings, this divine discontent, this yearning for lost golden ages. In due course it would shed its merely stylistic garment—for sham Gothic soon wears thin—and would remain as a state of mind with which the Modern Movement has had to come to terms. Augustus Welby Pugin was a romantic because, rather naively, he saw life as tolerable only if one returned to the fourteenth century; 100 years later Le Corbusier is also a romantic because he can see life as tolerable only when the potentialities of our time are exploited to make cities—cities that are crisp and dreaming towers in wooded parks. The two men are worlds apart, but both are romantic rebels—rebels against orthodoxy and the 'system'. It was Le Corbusier—though you might think it was Pugin—who wrote of the days 'when the cathedrals were white'. Both knew what the world had lost when the grey knights passed over the hill.

'Rebellion, not Respectability'

Rebellion, not respectability, is inherent in Romanticism, and the Philistine never spotted it; far be it from him to remember that Liberty and Rousseau's Natural Man was one of the starting points. He swallowed whole and paid handsomely for this curious unreal culture, with one proviso. Arthurian legends and ruined abbeys, as something to be enjoyed around the lamplit table, were acceptable—but they must be an addition to life, not a comment upon it. The upholstered drawing-room, the Mrs. Beaton dining-room, the docile 'hands' at the mill, property and—it went without saying—God and sex must remain undisturbed. All that was no business of the artist.

Unfortunately, in actual fact, it was. As early as the 'thirties Pugin had made the disturbing suggestion that there might be a link between art and Popery; Carlyle, that the Middle Ages were not only more picturesque than, say, Sefton Park or Didsbury, but better organised. The glories of 1851 had, for the Philistine, come as a reassurance; but for the Romantic as an ultimatum. By 1860 Ruskin was publishing *Unto this Last*—his first essay into political economy, into the degradation of the nineteenth-century workman. *Unto this Last*, together with the communistic 'Guild of St. George', came late in Ruskin's career—his public revered him mainly for other things. But beyond Ruskin there was Morris, and Morris, from the very beginning, led the Romantic forces into battle. He looked on the present and saw only unmitigated horror. Historically his medieval utopia may have had no more validity than Burne-Jones' utopia in *Lyonesse* or Ruskin's Venetian one. At the time, that did not matter. What did matter was his realisation that art is not a style at all but a function of society; that only when men live and work in a certain way will the world around them—as in those lost golden ages—take a certain shape. It was, of course, irritating of Morris—in an era that was prosperous and hypocritical—to mean what he said. To revolutionise the design of cretonnes and wallpapers was one thing, to become with Marx and Engels a founding father of English socialism was quite another thing . . . something that has now bedevilled the Modern Movement for nearly a century.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

Theology of Islam

ALFRED GUILLAUME gives the sixth in a series of seven talks

MY object is to give as clear an account of Islam as is possible in the time at my disposal. Obviously it is as wrong to write or talk of Mohammedanism or Islam with the intention of showing its inferiority to other religions, as it is to deal only with its merits and ignore or conceal aspects which may excite our repugnance. Therefore my treatment will be severely objective. I shall confine myself to what the Arabs themselves have written and let them speak for themselves, adding by way of comment only such remarks as are necessary to an understanding of the historical development of Islam as we see it today. The result can be nothing more than an anthology, a mere summary of a subject which would need several volumes to do justice to its vast ramifications.

The Words of God

The Qur'an consists of discourses divided into *suras* or chapters which were uttered or dictated to scribes by the prophet Mohammed between the years A.D. 608 and 632 approximately. Almost all Moslems believe that the Qur'an is literally and simply the words of God revealed to Mohammed by the angel Gabriel, who is also called the Holy Ghost. When it is cited, the writer says, 'God Most High has said', or simply, 'God said'. Three extracts must suffice to give the listener a dim idea of the contents of the Qur'an and its character.

(1) Mohammed's call to be a prophet is recorded in *Sura 96* which begins:

Recite in the name of thy Lord who created
Man from blood coagulated
Recite! Thy Lord is wondrous kind
Who by the pen has taught mankind
Things they knew not (being blind).

The style is the rhymed prose affected by the old Arab diviners. Tradition says that it was Mohammed's habit to leave the haunts of men and to retire to the mountains to give himself up to prayer and meditation. One night when he was asleep the angel Gabriel came to him with a piece of brocade whereon words were written and ordered him to begin to recite. Reciting and reading are synonymous because at this time few people could read a document silently. In Arabic, where no vowels are written, it would be doubly difficult.

(2) *Sura 2,256f.* the celebrated Throne-verse runs:

God, there is no God but He, the living, the self-subsistent. Neither slumber nor sleep seizes Him. His is what the heavens and the earth contain. Who then can intercede with Him without His permission? He knows their present and their future state. They comprehend nought of His knowledge except what He wills. His throne is as wide as the heavens and the earth, and the preservation of them tires Him not. And He is the High, the Mighty One.

In passages of sublime import such as this the rhyme is not as in the former quotation an integral part of the *staccato* movement, but a solemn *sforzando*.

(3) As an example of mundane matters of which the Qur'an treats, we read in *Sura 66* in reference to gossip in the harem:

O prophet, why do you hold forbidden that which God has allowed you, seeking to please your wives? God is forgiving, merciful. God has made lawful to you release from your oaths, and God is your protector and He is the Knowing, the Wise. When the prophet told one of his wives a secret, and when she divulged it and God told him about it, he made known to her part and part he ignored. When he told her of it she said 'Who told you this?' He said, 'The Knowing, the Aware One told me'.

The time was to come when there was a lively discussion about the Qur'an, not so much concerned with its authority as with the doctrine that it was the word spoken by God Himself from all eternity. When men read *Sura 2,100*: 'Whatever verse we may abrogate or cause to be forgotten we bring a better in its place or one similar. Knowest thou not that God can do all things?', they perceived that some eternal uncreate words had but a transitory significance. This

verse opened a wide door and gave rise to a large number of books. It was generally agreed that none had the right to comment on the Qur'an unless he knew which verses were active and which passive in this process of abrogation. Finally, certain categories were recognised and verses which fell within them were held to be abrogated: (1) verses inspired by Satan. (These are known from early biographers.) (2) Verses dropped by Uthman, the third caliph. (3) Verses that lost their force, but were publicly recited. (4) Verses no longer binding because they had been ignored. (5) Verses superseded by the prophet's own practice as alleged by the traditionists. (6) Those cancelled by what we should call catholic consent cf. (4) above. (7) Those modified with the prophet's permission. (8) Those cancelled or modified as the result of Mohammed's experience.

No. 6, the operation of catholic consent, is of the most practical importance because, apart from dogmatic considerations which the *ulama* would doubtless appeal to, it leaves the door open to development and adjustment. A notable instance of abrogation is *Sura 9,5*, which commands that polytheists wherever found are to be slain. This one verse was held to cancel 124 others.

The five pillars of Islam as they are called, namely faith, prayer, almsgiving, fasting, and pilgrimage are all prescribed in the Qur'an, though it was left to tradition to give them form and shape. The practice of the prophet as it is recorded in tradition was called his *sunna*, and those who adhere to it form the largest of the two great divisions of Islam, the Sunnis and the Shi'a or Sectaries. In shaping the course of Islam for future generations those concerned in such matters recorded or invented traditions put into the mouths of companions of the prophet recording what he said or did. These traditions covered every field of human life and thought at the time. They reached their final form in and after the third century of Islam. Moslems from the first were well aware of the universal habit of fabricating traditions; but unfortunately when they came to make a critical selection they relied on the chain of traditionists rather than the substance of the tradition itself, and so it is possible for a modern Moslem to write 'Tradition contains, along with much reliable and valuable material, many distortions, corruptions and perversions. It can never be taken as a reliable source of Islamic law and teachings, unless it is re-examined as a whole on the principle of reason'. With this statement I am in entire agreement.

The Shi'is, who have their own corpus of tradition, were at first mainly political dissidents who held that Ali, the fourth caliph, was the founder of the only legitimate ruling house. By his marriage to the prophet's daughter, Fatima, Ali's descendants were of Mohammed's flesh and blood. The Shi'is went on to assert that the first three caliphs whom the Sunnis believed to have been rightly guided, were usurpers, and to develop a doctrine that their imam was infallible with the sole and unique right of determining what the divine revelation in the Qur'an meant. In him a divine light was incarnate. This latter doctrine was but an extension of the Sunni assertions about Mohammed, and as the latter had received that light through his ancestors from the prophet Adam it was not illogical to suppose that the light was transmitted to his posterity. Extremists among them even regarded Ali and the imams who followed him as incarnations of God. Such beliefs are of course anathema to Moslems as a whole, but nevertheless there are large pockets of Shi'a who hold these beliefs at the present day.

Birth of Dogma

In all religions dogma is born of assertion, contradiction, and controversy, the majority becoming the orthodox and the minority schismatics and heretics. Islam is no exception. A great teacher and preacher arose, delivered his message and passed away, and it was left to his successors to determine how his teaching was to be applied to life and doctrine. The number of sects which Islam produced is astonishing. Here we can do no more than refer to a few of them which have left a permanent mark on the parent structure. Within its own ranks Islam is an extremely tolerant religion. Provided that a man

professes his belief in one God and the apostleship of Mohammed, he is accepted as a Moslem whatever extravagant views he may hold or whatever crimes he may have committed. The Kharijites, a sect which dates back to the days of Ali, would have none of this. They rejected Ali because he submitted his claim to the caliphate to arbitration instead of relying on the judgment of Allah. They rejected the doctrine of justification by faith without works and regarded everyone who committed a mortal sin as an unbeliever and an apostate. It was therefore their duty to kill him. No act of worship was acceptable unless a man's conscience was clear. Communities of Kharijites less rigid than their ancestors exist today under the name of Ibadis in North Africa, Zanzibar and Oman. The Wahhabis of Sa'udi Arabia show clear traces of Kharijite influence.

Over against them stood a sect called the Murjiites, who maintained that faith in itself was sufficient for salvation; it could not be impaired by sin. Whatever sins a man committed, provided that he died in the Moslem faith, he would enter paradise. The one unforgivable sin is polytheism. This is the prevailing opinion in Islam, though there are traditions more in accord with the Qur'an which leave the hardened sinner to the mercy of God. The permanent contribution of the Murjiites to the dogmatic system of Islam is the distinction between venial and mortal sins which is implicit in the Qur'an itself.

Occupying an intermediate position stood the Mu'tazilites. They held that the grave sinner was neither a Moslem nor an unbeliever; he was something between the two. The question was not merely theological, but severely practical, for it involved the duty of obedience or armed resistance to the reigning caliph. This, to us perhaps the most interesting of the Islamic sects, succeeded the Qadarites who asserted that man was a free agent with a free will and that the doctrine of predestination could not be so pressed as to rob him of the power to act as he wished. With the Mu'tazila we reach the point where philosophy impinges upon theology.

So far as predestination was concerned both sides could quote texts from the Qur'an to support their arguments, for example, *Sura 3, 64*, 'We do not burden anyone above his strength: they shall not be wronged', and 'God has created heaven and earth in truth and so that every soul may be recompensed for what it has earned, and they shall not be wronged'. And on the other side, 'As for the unbelievers it is all one to them whether you warn them or do not warn them,

they will not believe. God has sealed their hearts, and on their hearing and on their sight is a covering. They shall have a frightful punishment'. One passage unequivocally states man's free will and puts responsibility for belief or atheism firmly on his shoulders: 'Truth comes from your Lord. Let him believe who will, and he who will can disbelieve'. However, the texts that imply predestination are far more numerous.

It would not be difficult psychologically to resolve these apparent contradictions, but the controversy which arose out of them started from the wrong premises. The orthodox party seized upon an ambiguity in the assertion that man has 'power' over his own works by way of choice, and set it forth as an encroachment upon the almighty power of God. Thus they said that to assert that man was a free agent was dualism, because it asserted the existence of two creators of actions man and God. This view ultimately prevailed, for it is now heresy to assert that man has power over his actions, though the difficulty can be got round by saying that man's choice is illusory: it, too, has been predetermined by God.

But the Mu'tazila rejected this solution on the ground that it impugned the righteousness of God. If man was not absolutely free to act or not to act, it was manifestly unjust to punish him for his sins or on the other hand to reward him for his virtuous acts. Thus they claimed for themselves the noble title of 'Champions of the Divine Justice and the Divine Unity'. The more they learned from Greek philosophy, the more they insisted on the importance of reason in doctrine and behaviour. They asserted that God *must* do what was right in such a way as seemed to their opponents to make God subject to an external law, and this to them was blasphemy. God the absolute monarch could do what He liked, good or evil. They maintained that there was no such thing as abstract good or evil. A thing or an act was evil, not because of something that inhered in it, but because God said so. Thus revelation, that is, the Qur'an, overrode reason.

In such a controversy we should probably say that God is or, if you like, must be just, because such is His nature. The Moslems in their own way asked themselves what they knew about God. The concept of the nature of things was out of place here, and so they fell back upon the epithets of God in the Qur'an from which they constructed attributes. The long drawn-out debate that followed marked the entry of philosophy into Islamic dogmatics.—*Third Programme*

Fabian Essays, Old and New

By CANON V. A. DEMANT

A USEFUL way of trying to understand what has happened in England over the first half of the twentieth century is to compare two representative pieces of social criticism in the same tradition, from the beginning and the end of that period. And we could not find better samples for this comparison than the *Fabian Essays in Socialism* of 1889 and the *New Fabian Essays** published this year. Two details are worth noting at the outset. There is first the phenomenal success of the original *Fabian Essays* as a publication; through sixty years it has continued to sell in large numbers in various languages, and the latest edition has four prefaces, two by Bernard Shaw and one by Sidney Webb. The second fact to notice is that in his 1931 Preface, Shaw announced a forthcoming second set of *Fabian Essays* on the constitutional machinery required for socialism. This promise has not been fulfilled until 1952, although the Fabian Society has issued a large number of publications. When we look at *New Fabian Essays* we find that they have remained faithful to the Fabian theory in its two main characteristics. There is the same conviction that changes required by socialism could be brought about by steady education and pressure, without a revolutionary upheaval—from which they got their name after Fabius Maximus, the Roman dictator, nicknamed the cautious, because of his waiting opportunism in the war with Hannibal. The new essayists are also at one with their precursors in believing that social justice requires public ownership of productive property and that the only way of making it public is to vest it in the state or municipalities.

The early Fabians, the best known of whom were Bernard Shaw,

Sidney Webb and Graham Wallas, were deeply concerned about the social evils in the wake of industrialism, and for them the cure was socialism, by which they meant the applications of democracy to the economic side of life. Proletarianism was one of those evils: that is the complete lack of status and security in the artisan population, whose only title to participation in the wealth of society was the selling of their labour at a market price. Another was the grossly small share in the growing wealth of the nation. Then there was the continued threat of unemployment and the recurring danger of production seizing up through too little buying power in the masses. The remedy for all this was to be public ownership and change in the electoral system.

The *New Fabian Essays* of 1952, edited by Richard Crossman and with a preface by Mr. Attlee, show a loyal adherence to the Fabian theory, to its gradualness of method and its insistence upon state ownership of productive capital. But they do not say much about these two planks in the theory. There are incidental references, as where they assert that their programme has been more successful in approaching economic equality than revolutions elsewhere. Shaw had often said this in the years between. As to public ownership, the new Fabian essayist repeats that more nationalisation will be required. This, it seems to me, is not said so confidently; it is rather as if they remembered that it ought to be in somewhere for theoretical loyalty's sake, and a good place to bring it in is after wrestling with questions that still baffle the writer.

There is a certain admirable candour about *New Fabian Essays*. Their writers—seven out of the eight have been labour members of

Parliament—allow that they have to see their theory in a situation very different from the one in which *Fabian Essays* were written, that some of the positions there taken have to be abandoned, and that new problems unforeseen by their predecessors have to be faced. They are honest enough to say that at many points they must be content with asking the right questions or with indicating where further knowledge is needed. Socialism, says Richard Crossman, does not now need a crusade, but a critical attitude, especially towards the two rival world forces of Soviet imperialism and American free-enterprise politics. That is a pity for the sake of the programme, because socialism has always been strongest when it has been a moral crusade for justice, and weakest when it has tried to be scientific, either by aligning itself with an alleged process of social evolution or by offering itself as the correct key for unfettering the industrial process. In these forms socialism is always liable to set-backs and bewilderment when history throws up new anti-democratic forces and when production is stimulated by other than collectivist measures.

Freedom an Unusual Growth

Let us now look at the philosophy behind the Fabian theory. The original essayists make some assumptions which Mr. Crossman in his very able opening chapter to the new volume has to correct. He points out that one cannot count, as they did, upon an inherent tendency in history making for social democracy or upon necessary contradictions in the capitalist economic system. He reminds his readers that freedom is an unusual growth, depending upon definite outlooks and circumstances which have to be cultivated, maintained and defended; and that a co-operative commonwealth does not come automatically from greater knowledge of social facts. It throws an interesting light upon the intellectual atmosphere of the first *Fabian Essays* to note how Sidney Webb took for granted that greater knowledge of society as an organism would lead men to democratic socialism; how William Clarke said it would come from awareness of what the industrial revolution means; how Graham Wallas believed that associated production and consumption was being brought about by a law of causation which made socialised property inevitable—a law which was being applied even by men who rejected socialist ideas; how Sydney Olivier said that the very facts of the time were destroying the tradition of the capitalist class.

These men believed that community consciousness was growing by a natural law of social development, and found that it was fortified by increasing state control and administration in the nineteenth century itself. I have been at some pains myself to show in a recent book that this was an error—a pardonable one due to their being children of their own age. The community consciousness which they thought was emerging through the dislocations of the capitalist era and would eventually overcome them—this was in fact a surviving force from pre-capitalist ages. It was still there in the nineteenth century but dwindling, and the twentieth century socialist programmes in the industrialist west have to find a way of re-creating it; it cannot be counted on as a basis.

Now comes Mr. Crossman in 1952 offering a new philosophy of socialism. He has to tell his readers and his movement that the egoisms in human nature are not eradicated by time, and that 'original sin' may be a surer axiom on which to build checks upon greed and power than the optimistic evolutionary doctrine of the last century. There is now a need, he declares, to create a social morality and hints that it can only be done with a social conscience cultivated by a minority, as was the passion for freedom by the older liberals. I believe he is right in this, but it is an ironical conclusion to a period where the Fabians have found so much of their programme realised not only by support given to their aims from the healthy bad-conscience in elements of all classes, but also by changes and theories which were not of socialist origin.

The authors of *New Fabian Essays* are quite frank in their assertions that those forces which have helped to bring about some of their aims, such as full employment, greater equality, central planning, have also made difficulties for democracy which they are sincerely anxious to retain as an attribute of their socialism. So Mr. Crossman regards the Fabian task today as that of developing a social morality to prevent the control of life and thought by centralised coercion, or, as he puts it, to civilise the managerial society.

Here then is the situation the new Fabians attend to. It consists of their gains and their problems. The gains are acknowledged as full employment, a great measure of equality by redistributive taxation and

central planning. The problems they deal with are four. First, how to prevent the concentration of power in the hands of industrial managers (not owners, please note) or of state bureaucracy; secondly, how to enable England to pay its way in the world with a weaker trade position and to raise the standard of living; thirdly, how to preserve Britain's independence in the conflict of international tensions; and fourthly, how to create a true social consciousness which will make for co-operative energy.

On the first of these problems they do not have much to say, though they state the need. Mr. Crosland in his chapter on 'The Transition from Capitalism' says that the aims of socialism are not now to be pursued by further extensions of free social services, by more nationalisation of whole industries with a multiplication of public boards, by the continued proliferation of controls, or by further redistribution of income by taxation. Instead, he proposes more redistribution of property, so that the wealthier cannot keep up social inequalities by spending out of capital; then he wants much more egalitarianism in education, and, above all, an improvement in the psychology of industrial relations. All would agree with this last requirement, but many may well doubt whether it would be facilitated by the large scale extension of public ownership that is recommended, in view of the experience of already state-owned industries and the continued collective-bargaining mentality of the Trade Unions. There is, I think, more to be said for the reform of company law which is advocated by Mr. Crosland and Mr. Albu in his chapter on 'The Organisation of Industry' in order to define the responsibilities of the firm to the worker, the consumer and the community, and so that workers would become members of the company and have their representatives on the board of directors. It is odd, however, to find slipped in here the assumption that control is in the hands of shareholders alone, when several of the contributors go out of their way to make clear that control has passed from ownership to management and technical experts.

Here we reach a crucial point, this one of workers' participation in ownership. It is crucial not only for people like myself who have always felt the wrong of the proletarian situation where the mass of workpeople have no share in the property of the corporate entities they work for, and therefore no status as artisans. It is crucial also for the re-creation of a responsible community spirit, which these writers admit is still to seek in spite of the large displacement of market economy by social controls. There is no doubt that the problem of 'ownership for all' is a very difficult one. It is difficult because of the size of industrial units and their complicated inter-connections; it is difficult because men, with the fear of insecurity still there, are naturally unwilling to share risks as well as profits. But it is the more difficult because the whole movement of thought and action for responsible status and ownership has been bypassed by the state socialism of the Fabians themselves. I notice in the introduction to this volume that the chairman of the group responsible for it—who I presume was G. D. H. Cole—resigned owing to a basic disagreement on policy. I hope it was on this point. If that is the case, then Professor Cole has stood out for what many had hoped would emerge before, namely his conviction that the workers' movement made its greatest mistake in seeking to become masters in the state instead of in their own house of industry.

Difficulty of 'Serving the Work'

As a moralist I believe that no one's personality can be fully developed unless in his work he has three things: a sense of doing something worth while for its own sake—pride in the job, if you like; secondly a knowledge that he is serving others; and in the third place, a real feeling of partnership in the enterprise. Modern industrial society has made the first two very difficult to realise, namely first to 'serve the work' as Miss Dorothy Sayers puts it: that is to find excellence in doing it well apart from its earning power and usefulness; and second, to see how one's job is serving others, doing what the community needs and needs most at any particular time. To justify an economic activity just because it provides employment is not a criterion of service. But it is the third need of partnership which no modern regime, socialist or capitalist, has succeeded in meeting, and I would not be hard on any movement for not seeing the way towards it.

But it does seem to me that *New Fabian Essays* are still too much caught in the Webb (I mean the man) of the original essays, in their faith that co-operative ownership and management can come on the far side of state socialism. It will not do to argue that more nationalisation will bring it without raising the question whether the whole development of state ownership has not prevented it. It is true of course that a

NEWS DIARY

October 8-14

Wednesday, October 8

Railway disaster involving three trains at Harrow and Wealdstone Station, near London: 109 people killed and about 160 injured

Engineering unions call off their proposed overtime ban due to begin on October 20 after employers' federation's offer to seek powers to discuss a wage increase

Dr. Moussadeq proposes Anglo-Iranian Oil Company should send a mission to Persia within a week to discuss Persian counter-proposals

United Nations delegation at Panmunjon calls for an 'indefinite' suspension of Korean truce talks

Thursday, October 9

United Kingdom to release £5,000,000 from Egypt's frozen sterling balance and to withdraw British military posts from main railway bridge linking Suez Canal Zone with Sinai peninsula

Conservative Party Conference opens in Scarborough

France rejects Note from U.S. Government criticising the way France is financing her defence programme

Friday, October 10

Heavy fighting on western front in Korea for 'White Horse' Hill, commanding northern approaches to Seoul

Mr. Harold Macmillan, Minister of Housing and Local Government, addressing Conservative Party Conference, says that Government's target of 300,000 houses a year remains unchanged

The Earl of Scarbrough to succeed the Earl of Clarendon as Lord Chamberlain

Saturday, October 11

Prime Minister addresses closing meeting of Conservative Party Conference

Union of Shop, Distributive, and Allied Workers protest against decision to allow shops to remain open later this winter

Sunday, October 12

French launch attack with 10,000 troops against Vietminh rebels in Indo-China 'Exercise Ardent', testing Britain's air defences, ends

Monday, October 13

Duke of Edinburgh opens Glen Affric Scheme of North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board in Inverness-shire

Turkish Prime Minister and Foreign Minister arrive in London on official visit Committee set up to review copyright law publishes report

Tuesday, October 14

Parliament reassembles

U.N. troops make big attack in Korea

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to visit New Zealand, Australia, and Ceylon at the end of 1953 and early 1954



Rescue workers climbing the shattered coaches of wrecked trains at Harrow, search for the victims, of whom were buried in thirty feet of wreckage, continued day and night Wednesday until Saturday

An aerial view of the railway disaster at Harrow and Wealdstone Station on October 8. The crash, which involved the Perth-Euston and Euston-Manchester expresses and the local Tring-Euston train, was the worst on Britain's railways for thirty-seven years



Field-Marshal Lord Alexander speaking on October 11 after he had unveiled a monument at Mons to British and Canadian troops killed in the battles of Mons in the first world war



General Sir Ian Jacob, who has been appointed to succeed Sir William Haley as Director-General of the B.B.C. takes over on December 1



Right: the National Trust's latest acquisition: Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk, built towards the end of the fifteenth century



The Reverend Arthur Oldham (left), padre of the London Region of British Railways, leading a service held on the platform of Harrow and Wealdstone Station on Sunday for the victims of the crash. A member of the railway staff is seen scattering flowers, sent by the widows of the driver and fireman of the Perth express, on to the track

Mr. Trygve Lie addressing members of the United Nations Secretariat last week in the hall of the newly completed Assembly building in New York where the Assembly's seventh general session opened on October 14



A. F. Kersting



Examples of contemporary British pottery to be seen at the exhibition, 'Ceramics in the Home', organised by 'The Observer', at Charing Cross Underground Station, London, throughout October



Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, leader of the Sudanese Umma or People's Party, arriving at the Foreign Office on Saturday for talks with Mr. Eden. The Foreign Secretary also met representatives of various parties grouped in the National Front. Mr. Eden told the delegates that the British Government's policy showed no departure from the undertakings already given about Sudanese independence

Jane Brown

working population now will prefer nationalisation, for that means where there are losses on a non-productive industry the tax-payer stands the racket. The writers, especially Mr. Albu and Mr. Mikardo in his discussion of 'Trade Unions in a Full Employment Economy', know the difficulties in the way of workers themselves desiring participation in ownership. Besides, the union officials are reluctant to undertake any place on national boards for fear of losing their leadership in collective bargaining. Another reason why state socialism has bypassed and hindered serious thought on the question of owning-partnership in industry, is that it has now given men a spurious sense of economic status as citizens, by nationalisation and social services and re-distributive taxation; but this is not a stimulating substitute for significance and partnership in work. Loyalty to the community as a whole in the modern national state is too abstract to engender a feeling of common purpose and participation. It may turn out that to offer men a stake in the nation instead of in their work and its instruments has been a very insidious form of 'opium for the people'.

I have dealt with this question at some length because I think that the new Fabian essayists see the need but do not know the measures, required and possible, for its application. No one can blame them for that; it is a baffling problem everywhere at this stage of industrial development. But I would criticise them for repeating the slogans of nationalisation and equality as if a further dose of these will facilitate real participation, or revive the instinct for it where it is atrophied. In this matter the thought of the new Fabians is not as new as it ought to be.

The New Fabians and Today's Problems

But I have to say that on some other matters they show a real appreciation of the present situation and the problems it presents to Britain. They have quite got away from the idea that mankind becomes more international as it becomes more industrial and commercial. The first Fabian essayists, with the possible exception of Bernard Shaw, shared this idea with Herbert Spencer and Richard Cobden. In the book I am reviewing there is a clear recognition that industrial commercialism produces its own international tensions and rivalries, and that these are political and irrational as well as economic. I wish its authors had been as realistic in criticism of the idea, which they still seem to share with their predecessors, that as societies become more democratic they become more co-operative with one another. Recent history seems to have shown that the reverse is the case. The world has never exhibited such a shutting down of international intercourse as in the present era of increasing popular governments. Any new thought on the problem of democratic socialism ought surely to have examined this seriously. This does not appear in *New Fabian Essays* but there is a good statement of two new problems which were not in the purview of the early Fabians. One is the worsening of Britain's position in the world trading economy, whereby more effort is required here to procure the food and materials for the increasing wealth it is proposed to distribute more widely. This was not a problem for the original Fabians for they relied upon a continuation of Britain's advantageous position. Mr. Crosland and Mr. Healey, among the new writers, state the position very clearly, though they do not clinch the argument with the inevitable conclusion that whereas in the early period the cheapest way of getting our primary necessities was to export manufactures for them, now it is becoming the most expensive way.

The second thing which has forced itself on the awareness of these contemporary writers is the fact of power in social and international relations. This is forcefully dealt with by Mr. Denis Healey in the chapter on 'Power Politics and the Labour Party'. The older Fabians, and many left-wing idealists since, never appreciated the place of power conflicts in international affairs; they believed that power relations would be superseded by moral and brotherly ones, once economic dis-harmonies were ironed out. This led to a certain pacifist temper and to a simple faith that if the peoples of the world got nearer to one another and more alike, then greater harmony would ensue. Mr. Healey represents a more tough realism and he voices a new note among British socialist intellectuals. He sees that a peaceful international system rests upon recognised common interests or a stable pattern of power, or both.

Now on these two points, in which I find a new note of realism, namely Britain's weak economic position in the world and the continued need of using power in the service of principle, the *New Fabian Essays* are not particularly socialist in their insights. My general impression of the two sets of *Fabian Essays*, looked at in comparison, is that where

the new writers are socialist they tend to repeat clichés, and where they are new in their thinking they are not specifically left-wing. The original *Fabian Essays* represented, you might say, an idea looking for a movement—which it got; *New Fabian Essays* represent a movement looking for an idea.

There is however really no dominant new idea emerging in these essays to cope with the two major problems of Britain at this stage of its industrial career. These two problems are concerned, one with the physical basis of its economic life and the other with the more moral or spiritual task of re-creating a social consciousness which will work for the future and make the necessary uncomfortable adaptations. It is not that the new Fabian essayists are alone in not giving constructive attention to these things, but it is a defect in a group of thinkers who claim to be in the vanguard of enlightenment, and to have shown up the true nature of economic and human realities which they believe to have been disguised by the capitalist concern for profits. As to the conditions of our economic survival, their realism goes no further than exhortations, in unison with other political spokesmen, to earn our keep in the international trading system by the same economic strategy as before, under capitalism. There is not more than a perfunctory word about planning for a more balanced economy at home so that we could be less dependent for our food and primary necessities on the rising-price markets abroad. There is no suggestion that an old industrial country may be crushing out its remaining resources in land and spontaneous loyalties by extending factory production and urban subculture. There is no anxiety over labour and land and material used up in expensive and partly harmful luxuries like civil aviation, television, government premises, and a host of activities in which men have found a place to tap the flow of money incomes, when we are short of miners, farmers and fishermen. No indignation over shoddy and meretricious goods, like furniture collapsing within two years of the honeymoon. Shades of William Morris and John Ruskin! Where are they to shriek horror at the way modern socialists accept the dreariest values of the seamier side of capitalist and *bourgeois* civilisation.

The fact is that socialist reformers have, like most of us, been so shaken and ashamed of the evils of mass unemployment, that they believe full employment of any kind is to be welcomed. But it is a shocking neglect for a party which believes in planning, to take no thought for real priorities and to show no suspicion that technical developments may cut off the biological and spiritual sources of renewal.

And what are we to say about a moral and spiritual recovery of the sense of community? The new Fabian writers know that this is a vital question. They have, however, only one panacea to offer; it is more equality. This is the burden of two essays, one by Roy Jenkins on economic equality and the other by Margaret Cole on education. Of course if inequality is of a certain kind, as it was in the beginning of the industrial age, it breeds resentment and unco-operative attitudes, but it does not at all follow that income—and social equality—transform them into an urge to co-operate. These advocates of greater equality and a classless society might well learn from their colleagues who recognise that conflicts of interest and power occur as much between people who are alike as between disparate sections of society. And if they take seriously the alarm of other colleagues about the danger of centralised monopolies they might well consider that the earlier radical movements which swept away absolute monarchies also undermined the functional and social hierarchies, which had hitherto distributed power and held the central authority in check. The dissolution of all differences is not an instrument of justice or contentment; it will only direct all resentments to the supreme authority.

Teaching a Community Sense

You would expect something to be said on how to foster a community sense in the chapter on education. But Mrs. Cole after saying the first question should be the kind of life we are training the young for, leaves it entirely alone and concentrates with vigour on how to get everybody educated in the same schools. I would only add that an education which will bring about a sense of co-operative enterprise will have to counteract much that our industrial culture does to people outside the teaching field. It would have to counteract, for example, the tendency to make 'private worlds' encouraged by recreation at the cinema, the wireless and television, and to be quite frank in showing its pupils that they will not easily see that what they do in the modern world is of service to their families and neighbours in the concrete. In brief, training for democracy will mean a kind of ascetic correction of many things to which our civilisation pre-disposes men.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Belgian Congo

Sir,—I find it difficult to make up my mind about Mr. Eggins' description of the Belgian Congo. Either he is uncritical to a point which reflects unfavourably on our own Colonial Service, or his account is an exquisite piece of sustained irony. In either event, the impression left with the general reader may be that the Belgian Congo is a tropical paradise, where administrators 'are in the happy position of being able to ask themselves, "what do we need?", and getting it'. I think it is true to say that the Congo is a paradise—from the point of view of the industrial firms operating there, and of those colonial officials who believe that the African must be 'kept in his place'. There is, however, another point of view—that of the African himself, and of those Europeans who have abandoned the Kiplingesque attitude to colonialism.

The most striking part of Mr. Eggins' survey concerned the raw material exports of the Congo, valued at £1,000,000,000 annually. He also referred to the *Union Minière*, the *Forminière*, and to Lever Brothers (presumably the *Huilières du Congo Belge*). He did not mention that these three giants, together with 'Geominés' and the *Société des Minières du Sud Katanga*, control the entire mineral output of the region and that eighty-six per cent. of the total capital investment in the Congo is in their hands. It has been remarked that the *Union Minière* serves every inhabitant of the Katanga, whether he likes it or not. Everyone who uses electricity pays Sogelec (a *Union* subsidiary) for it, and whoever buys fertiliser, buys it from Sogechim (another subsidiary). The reason that these great firms have set up an advanced welfare system for their workers is that they could not otherwise tempt the Congolese from their villages. At the same time, by developing a labour force which lives in company houses, buys from company shops, and dies in company hospitals, they have a hold over their labour comparable only to the Japanese 'dormitory' system.

Turning from the infant welfare centres built by these firms for the Africans, and looking instead at their balance sheets, one finds that in 1950 the *Union Minière* announced a gross profit of 2,781,000,000 Belgian francs (£20,000,000). Obviously, in the department of infant welfare, the progeny of European directors and shareholders do not do too badly, either. Mr. Egging points out that their labourers have other 'free' benefits, such as social centres and maternity homes. Remembering that the level of cash wages in the Congo last year was £5-£6 per industrial worker per month, it is clear that these benefits would have to be free or they would have no patrons.

On the 'political quiescence' of the Congo, Mr. Eggins is at his most inscrutable. He attributes it to the 'high degree of comfort and well being' of the people, to the absence of secondary and higher education, and to the 'classless society'. The well being of the Congolese is a matter of opinion, but I would refer again to the wage standard in industry. On the absence of education, comment is unnecessary. Regarding the 'classless society', it is necessary to correct Mr. Eggins' phrase to 'one-class society'. The Africans themselves form one

class of industrial and agricultural workers, and very minor civil servants. The upper class consists exclusively of Belgians, and the gulf between them, socially and economically, is at present unbridgeable. Mr. Egging believes that dangerous thoughts will not penetrate into this excellent system. He should know that there are revolts even in the best-conducted prisons.

Pounds, Shillings, and Pence

Sir,—I felt that Mr. Wilfred Fienburgh in his interesting talk on 'Pounds, Shillings, and People' might have mentioned that a wage structure similar to the Australian system is far from unknown in this country. It is now widely known that the wages of some million workers in our own building industry have been based for many years upon a sliding scale—linked to and automatically varying with the official cost-of-living index.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool T. A. CAVE

The Shrine of St. Peter

Sir,—Professor J. M. C. Toynbee's contention that all 'reputable' scholars accept the documentary evidence for the martyrdom of St. Peter in the circus of Nero cannot, I am afraid, be sustained. Even if she excludes Dr. Barnes as of no repute, almost every one of the passages to which Professor Toynbee appeals, has had its meaning, dating, or authenticity questioned.

For example, Professor Toynbee, referring to the epistle of St. Peter says: 'No one doubts that "the church in Babylon" is "the Church in Rome"'. But there are doubters in plenty. Professor E. T. Merrill and Dr. Streeter and Dr. Shaw Kerr argue cogently that 'Babylon' just means 'Babylon'. Dr. Barnes, agreeing with Professor Toynbee that Rome was intended, denies Peter's authorship of the epistle.

Again, Professor Toynbee says that the trophy of St. Peter mentioned by Eusebius 'suggests a tomb-shrine, and she believes that this "tomb-shrine" was incorporated into Constantine's basilica and has now been identified by archaeologists. Yet the editors of Eusebius, Lawlor and Oulton, commenting on the passage, warn us that trophies mean 'memorials, not necessarily tombs'. A great edifice of belief is now being built on a mere 'suggestion'.

Professor Toynbee's argument from St. John's Gospel is too ambiguous to answer. Does she contend that whatever is prophesied in the scriptures must be true, or does she hold that this prophecy was not interpolated till the event forecast, the crucifixion of Peter, had happened? Are we to believe it because it is not a genuine prophecy or because it is?

The passage from Ignatius merely proves that Peter and Paul enjoyed high esteem among Christians; that from Clement, which is very rhetorical, suggests that they were martyred. No inference can be drawn from either as to Peter's residence in Rome or his crucifixion there. *Acta xxviii* to which Professor Toynbee appeals, does not mention Peter at all.

I hope that someone better qualified than myself will take up these questions. I wrote only to protest against Mr. Perkins' assumption that scholars are unanimous about the crucifixion of

St. Peter in Nero's circus. The most superficial investigator can discover the widest divergence of opinion.

Like many others I have to judge mainly by analogy and common sense. St. Patrick, who lived four centuries after Peter and whose missionary work was carried through with much publicity in our own islands, was no mythological figure, as his Confession proves. Yet he is said to have been buried in at least three places, Saul, Downpatrick, and Armagh. Few could doubt that the dispute was due to political and ecclesiastical rivalries and that the real facts had long been forgotten.

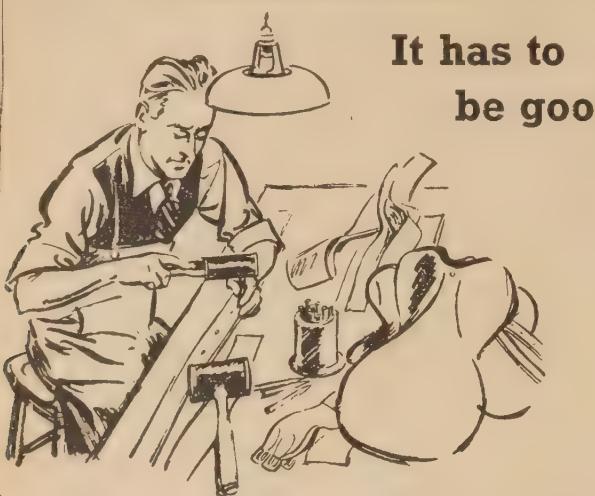
Now, too, it is hard not to look with suspicion on the revival of interest in these necrological speculations. Are they not sometimes directed more towards the propagation of doctrine than to the discovery of the truth?

Yours, etc.,
HUBERT BUTLER

Sir,—Professor J. M. C. Toynbee seriously overstates her case when she claims that documents written within fifty years of the traditional date of St. Peter's death support the Roman tradition that St. Peter 'was martyred in the circus of Gaius and Nero, and was buried in the immediate neighbourhood of the city'.

Many historians will challenge most of her interpretations of the evidence, but it will be sufficient to comment on the crucial one. 'That both Apostles (*i.e.*, Peter and Paul) were martyred and buried in Rome', she says, 'may be deduced from a New Testament allusion (*Apoc.* xviii, 20) and from the late first-century letter of St. Clement of Rome to Corinth'. The passage in *Revelation* reads as follows: 'Rejoice over her (Babylon=Rome), heaven, and you holy ones and apostles, for God has avenged you on her'. (There are textual variants, but they are not material). The 'letter of Clement' (V. 4) says that Peter 'through unjust jealousy endured not one or two but many trials, and having thus borne his testimony went to his deserved place of glory'. There is not a word in either case about martyrdom and burial in Rome, nor is there anything to imply this. To put these two vague texts forward, in the very first place, as evidence that Peter was 'martyred and buried in Rome' is to make a rather poor case appear even weaker than it is.

In fact, the earliest documentary evidence which supporters of the Roman tradition can adduce is a letter, preserved by Eusebius (*HE* ii, 25, 8), of Dionysius, bishop of Corinth, which probably dates from about the year 170. It speaks of the 'planting' of Peter and Paul among the Romans and Corinthians and adds that the two apostles, who had 'planted' and taught in Corinth, 'also taught together in Italy and were martyred on the same occasion'. This is anything but precise. Not until the beginning of the third century do we find the Roman presbyter Gaius asserting that the 'trophies' (tombs?) of Peter and Paul could be seen at Rome (Euseb., *HE* ii, 25, 6-7), and Tertullian making the first recorded statement that Peter was crucified and Paul beheaded at Rome. The credibility of Tertullian in this connection can be judged from the fact that in the very same sentence he speaks of the Apostle John as



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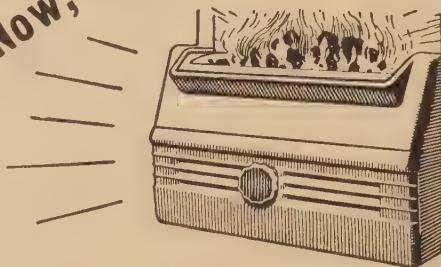
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AB FIRE

having been plunged into boiling oil and emerging unhurt (*de praescr. haer.* 36, 3).

There is some evidence, which cannot be quoted here, against the Roman tradition. Before the recent excavations, there was at best no more than a certain balance of probability in its favour, and the result of the excavations has been to strengthen the probability somewhat. That is all we can say. To carry us over the long gap of some 100-150 years in which there is no documentary evidence of Peter's martyrdom and burial at Rome, we have nothing better than oral 'church tradition'—a form of evidence which, given the credulous and uncritical spirit of the age, can only be described as very unsatisfactory. The strongest argument in favour of the Roman tradition is the absence of any rival tradition worth considering.

It is curious to find Professor Toynbee speaking twice of 'mathematical' proof. What historian has ever expected to find anything in the nature of 'mathematical' proof of any historical event?—Yours, etc.,

Caterham G. E. M. DE STE. CROIX

A Correct Compassion'

Sir,—I hope it will not appear as ingratitude if I point out that Mr. Richard Church, in his otherwise very kind review of my book, has rather unfairly isolated a line from one of my sonnets, and given it a full-stop which it does not possess. The line does not stop at 'dumb', but goes on:

... The summer and the spring are done, the autumn dumb
With death . . .

If this is read aloud, the effect of the repeated vowels is, I think, musical and atmospheric—the note of a muffled drum, with the numbness of grief and autumn cold. There is much traditional authority for this use of onomatopoeia in the sonnet. Rilke begins his *Übung am Klavier* with the phrase *Der Sommer summt*, and there is also his famous line from *Der Panther*:

... *Thm ist, als ob es tausend Stäbe gäbe . . .*

which suggests vividly the monotonous flicker of iron bars. Shakespeare does not insist on every syllable of his sonnets being 'fully differentiated'. He often packs his lines with identical or almost identical sounds, although the extreme example of this, from sonnet CIV, is not a very happy one:

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still . . .

Yours, etc.,
Wotton-under-Edge JAMES KIRKUP

Measuring Mount Everest

Sir,—Richard Williams is himself in error when he states that 'the exact and indisputable height of [Mount] Everest will be known only when the mountain is conquered and some weary climber carries an altimeter to the summit'. Altimeters do not supply exact heights. They depend on a relationship between height and pressure which is not constant at all times or at all heights. The new survey observations of Everest's height should give a better approximation to the true height than the reading of any climber's altimeter. The true height will be obtained only when an even more weary surveyor climber succeeds in carrying a reliable theodolite to the summit and observes reciprocal readings to the stations of known height from which single ray observations give us our present best approximations.—Yours, etc.,

Hounslow J. P. SHORT

Nature and the National Parks

Sir,—I accept Mr. Lennard's apology, but cannot agree with him that 'Although the

[Haweswater] dam is perhaps out of place it is from most points of view invisible' means the same thing as 'the dam is a blot'. I chose my words carefully and meant what I said. Nor can I see how my conditional clause 'If the Commission planted this [the oak] . . .' can give any information to my listeners about my knowledge of the views of the Commission on the practicability of doing so.

There does not seem to be anything new in Mr. Lennard's second letter, but I am glad to know that he does not think that all beaches are hideous. He does, however, still deal in generalisations, instead of considering each case on its merits. Of course, much afforestation is not aesthetically satisfactory, but the Forestry Commission is now paying much more attention to amenity (horrid word) than it used to do, and it deserves encouragement, not abuse. Of course, some reservoirs are not very beautiful; I said as much in my broadcast. I expected Thirlmere to come into this correspondence sooner or later; I am not sure when it became a reservoir, but it is certainly so long ago that its beach is no longer unweathered, and in calling it so Mr. Lennard must be seeing it through the spectacles of fifty years ago. Unfortunately for his argument Thirlmere never was a beautiful lake. Here is what Gilpin wrote of it after a visit in 1772:

an object every way suited to the ideas of desolation which surround it . . . every form, which it suggests, is savage and desolate.

I do not want to take up more of your space, but I would ask Mr. Lennard, before he writes again, to visit and consider the examples of conifers which I gave in my talk (Rothiemurchus, Wyre Forest, Latrigg), and, since Sweden is perhaps too far away, he might add Kielder Forest on the North Tyne, and compare it with the bare hills that surround it. For my part, I will agree to suspend judgment on Haweswater until it is in full use as a reservoir.—Yours, etc.,

Stourbridge BRUNSDON YAPP

Hospitality for German Students

Sir,—Nearly 800 German students are now in Britain helping with the root harvest. They have come under a Harvest Scheme organised by G.E.R. (a society for promoting Anglo-German Educational Relations) in co-operation with the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Agriculture. They are giving up their vacation and, with the permission of their universities, part of the autumn term for this scheme because they see in it an opportunity of gaining some insight into British life and ways of thinking. It has been the concern of all who have been responsible for this Harvest Scheme for the past five years to see that this expectation is not disappointed.

Lectures and other activities are arranged at the harvest camps in order to advance the educational purpose of the scheme but it is only through close contact with British people in the more representative setting of their homes that the students can hope to find a true picture of this country. May I appeal to those of your readers who sympathise with our object to give hospitality, board and lodging to a German student for a week or longer between early November and mid-December. The students do, of course, provide their own pocket-money. Offers of hospitality should be sent to: The Liaison Officer, German Students Harvest Scheme, 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

Yours, etc., PAKENHAM

The Landscape of Towns

Sir,—In his excellent talk on 'The Market Town' Mr. W. G. Hoskins takes the view that market places have grown to accommodate street

traders. In fact, the great space was for the accommodation of cattle and other livestock, which, if not in great numbers in pre-enclosure days, required more room in the absence of penning used in the modern market.

The 'traders' in medieval days were often the local producers of surplus eggs, butter, corn, etc., as one finds them today in oriental markets; these, becoming grouped, were accommodated in the streets which grew round them.

The wide high street of Thame shown in your excellent photograph was, until last year, the cattle market and the 'Corn' and 'Butter' markets disappear down the narrower streets on either side of the central block.

The great size of the market place bears witness to the renowned grazing to be found in this area from which large numbers of fat cattle go forward for slaughter. Thame was probably the last of the 'street' cattle markets, most others having moved when hard standings and penning were demanded.

Yours, etc.,
Thame JOHN F. CASTLE

Sir,—Unlike your correspondent Mr. D. J. Cadman, I did not read Dr. Hoskins' talk on 'The Open Field Town', but I feel certain that Mr. Cadman is labouring under certain misapprehensions with regard to the re-routing of the Great Northern Railway from Stamford to Peterborough.

Undoubtedly, as Mr. Cadman suggests, the changing of the route took place,

- (a) because of the advantageous commercial position of Peterborough,
- (b) owing to the definite geographical advantages of the route,
- (c) because of opposition from the Marquis of Exeter.

The Marquis did not want the railway to run through his town or his park—a preference for which Stamfordians and lovers of ancient architecture have ever since been heartily thankful. One has but to see the sprawling acreage of railway lines at Peterborough to realise the truth of this.

To suggest that the Marquis eventually yielded to the mercenary persuasions of George Hudson is most certainly not true. The Welland valley is a useful route of communication, and permission to build the Peterborough-Syston line, involving sale of certain Exeter properties, was granted, on the condition that the railway should pass through the town by way of a tunnel. This also avoided the question of the tracks crossing the Great North Road which passes through Stamford. The tunnel was built, at considerable expense to the company, and Stamford now has its railway with a minimum of detriment to the historical and natural value of the town and its surroundings.

It is doubtful whether the Marquis ever regretted his action as your correspondent suggests. One is tempted to believe that the motives behind his assistance in the building of the Stamford-Essendine branch line were ones of thanksgiving rather than regret.

We in Stamford are thankful for what has been passed down to us from the past centuries. We owe debts both great and small to the House of Burghley from the days of the Lord High Treasurer to present times; not the least of these is the great park in which all are at liberty to roam. But for the foresight of the Marquis of Exeter we should now be picking our way between the railway lines. I am one of those to whom the journey to Peterborough in order to catch the London train may add another forty minutes on to my journey—but they are forty minutes not really in vain.

Yours, etc.,
Stamford MICHAEL L. TEBBUTT

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THOSE who believe that the further an artist departs from the conscientious measurement of nature the nearer he comes to grief, will find little in this month's exhibitions to shake their convictions. And yet, one enters the Lefevre Galleries ready and eager to be shaken. Barbara Hepworth, whose latest sculptures are here exhibited, is so eminent a figure, her work bears such unmistakable signs of care and sincerity, that one would willingly join the numerous and enthusiastic throng of her admirers. That one cannot, may in some part be due to the fact that one sees these works at a disadvantage; the Lefevre galleries have not the space for such exhibits. Nevertheless, the close-up view that one gets does allow one to inspect and to admire Miss Hepworth's ability to produce a smooth patina, the careful and loving handling which gives to her surfaces the quality of a well made gun-stock. There is, in addition, a certain noble simplicity, an effect which is not achieved by any rhetorical device; everything is honest; everything is in perfect taste.

But when one looks for some more positive quality it eludes one, until at last one wonders whether any such quality is there to be found. Consider the smooth, erect, schematic shape of African Mahogany which stands for a girl. Inevitably, it reminds one of the work of the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands; but thus reminded one cannot but notice the absence of all that vitality and passion, that complete certainty in the treatment of forms, which make the work of the barbarians so irresistibly impressive. Nothing remains save a gentle tastefulness which leaves one in doubt as to what, if anything, the artist intends to convey. Barbara Hepworth has encountered the fate of nearly all those who wander far from their first perception. For them the translation of nature becomes so free that the original meaning may be disregarded: the translator may say what he pleases. Such a release may appear a blessing, but it is a curse in disguise. The removal of restraints removes also just that source of friction upon which a successful work of art seems to depend. Sculpture, in its greatest ages, has always been obliged to obey regulations—magical, iconographic, or scientific regulations—against which the sculptor has matched his talents. Thus restrained he is like an oarsman who contends with, but also depends upon, the resistance of the waters. An abstract artist may be said to resemble an oarsman seated in the gondola of a balloon; however graceful and correct his movements his efforts will prove ineffectual.

The work of Terry Frost at the Leicester Galleries suggests criticisms of the same nature. Mr. Frost is a gifted painter; his abstractions show a charming and very personal sense of colour, an undoubted gift for organising his picture space and, as one may surmise, a nice power of observation. One is all the more exasperated by his perversity in restricting himself to a method which can produce nothing better than pleasant decorations; decorations which can do no more than suggest

the extent of his gifts. Mr. Walter Hoyle who has a one man show in the same gallery does enter the world of fact and gives us a very pretty notion of nature as she may be observed in the Mediterranean basin. He juggles amusingly with perspective, but his vision is not always his own and his drama is sometimes a little obvious. Also at the Leicester Galleries are works from the collection of Mr. Walter Evill; these include a fine Spencer Gore, a Matthew Smith of great beauty, a still life by Duncan Grant and two remarkable paintings by Gaudier Brzeska.

D. H. Kayatt, Michael Ayrton and Sidney Nolan are exhibiting works at the Redfern Gallery; so is Utrillo, and his companions suffer by the comparison. Utrillo himself, whose recent works in gouache and stencil are pretty and gay and slight, suffers a good deal from the awful presence of the Utrillo of 1915, who is represented by a grave, sombre, and magnificent landscape, 'L'Eglise de Grosley', a picture which makes everything else in the Gallery look rather trivial. This is very hard upon the elegant and sprightly confections of Mr. Kayatt, works which, under the most favourable conditions, would hardly present an appearance of solidity, and upon the rapid, turgid adumbrations of Mr. Nolan, which, though they suggest power and talent, are not in themselves very considerable. The drawings of Michael Ayrton, on the other hand, firmly express a deliberate intention. They owe something to Picasso's blue period, but they are certainly an efficient vehicle for the artist's own feelings. One must therefore judge them in accordance with one's sympathy or antipathy for what is expressed. If one likes this sort of thing one may call it 'strong and tender'; if one dislikes it one will call it 'violent and sentimental'.

A most interesting show of paintings by Constance Lloyd is being held at the Adams Gallery. The name of Constance Lloyd is not very well known. Too interested in her own sensations to feel any desire to amaze or to impress the public, she employs a technique which is neither startling nor original. In short her only claim to fame rests upon the fact that she paints exceedingly good pictures. Her great talent lies in finding perfect juxtapositions of colour, of building—with beautiful economy and consummate art—a pattern of closely related tones, so finely balanced that, although her drawing is not remarkable, she creates a completely convincing world of light and space. When, as in 'Fields near Genainville' or 'Church and Cloud', her transposition of natural tones is enriched by some unusual subtlety of colour, the result, though not grandiose, is perfect.

The exhibition entitled 'Looking Forward' at the Whitechapel Art Gallery contains many good pictures. The works of Mr. Middleditch should be seen. For those who like his work there are two large wall paintings by Stanley Spencer, and a small landscape by Claude Rogers which would more than justify an excursion into the East End. The exhibition of 'Ceramics in the Home' at Charing Cross station (picture on page 639) contains the work of several justly celebrated potters.



'Young Girl', a carving in West African Mahogany by Barbara Hepworth at Reid and Lefevre's

The People of India

The second of two talks on India by RAYMOND MORTIMER

BEFORE going to India my notion of Indian character came chiefly from two brilliant books, *Passage to India* and Mr. Ackerley's *Hindu Holiday*; and frankly I was not attracted. Mr. Forster, I know, likes Indians very much, but in his novel he is chiefly concerned with the differences between the Indians and the English, and with the obstacles to mutual understanding. I was lucky: in the thirty years since his book was written the Indians and the English in India have changed a great deal, and one of the chief obstacles to understanding has been removed—British rule, which made friendship difficult and resentment inevitable.

Brown Skins and 'Pinko-Grey'

I was struck at once by the general friendliness with which I was received as an Englishman. Most Indians, I fancy, disbelieved us when we promised to clear out; and were correspondingly impressed when we kept our word. Lord and Lady Mountbatten made an impression one can hardly exaggerate. I should not be surprised if she were worshipped somewhere in the shape of an image with six arms, all conferring benefits! And then the Indians, now that they have to face all the problems of administering their enormous country, realise that in many ways the British did most remarkable job. I suspect that we are now liked better there than any other western people. All the same, beneath the friendliness there is still resentment. Indians have the best manners of any people I know, and they will conceal this resentment unless you gain their confidence.

There will be stories of the economic damage we inflicted upon India, but the chief source of resentment has been, still is, our feeling about colour, the colour of skin. I have all sort of prejudices and snobberies, but this one is to me almost incomprehensible. It seems to me vulgar or neurotic. When I was in India, I sometimes spent days without seeing a white face except in a looking-glass. My eyes got so used to Indian skins that our colour, what Mr. Forster calls pinko-grey, began to seem unattractive, coarse, even rather unhealthy-looking. In any case I cannot understand how anyone can despise or fear persons because they have darker skins than oneself. Many English people do, alas; and many Indians also are snobbish about colour. Negroes they look down upon. Very few Indian men, I believe, readily marry a girl darker than themselves. The caste system has kept the Aryans from the north separate from the swarthy Dravidians in the south. If you meet a southerner with a skin that is *café au lait* rather than dark chocolate, he is almost sure to be a Brahmin. Incidentally, a very high proportion of the best-educated Indians are Brahmins: they still are the rulers of India.

When these lighter skinned Indians, who were proud of their skin colour, found themselves being despised for it, they found it utterly intolerable. The shocking thing is that colour prejudice can still be found among the British in India, and still does a great deal of harm. I think that nobody from this country, who is so unlucky as to be afflicted with this strange feeling, should settle there. I must say that I found no sign of it among my more highly placed compatriots, representatives of the United Kingdom Government or heads of great firms. It is now confined, I think, to persons in subsidiary positions, and perhaps a little unsure of their own social background. In the big cities, Calcutta, Bombay, and Delhi, I found myself in a society where Indians and Europeans met on terms of spontaneous equality without the faintest discomfort. In the old days exclusiveness was of course found on both sides. Brahmins would not eat with Christians, Indian ladies would not meet European men. This has all gone now, with very few exceptions.

What enchanted me in the Indians was their warmth. They will take endless trouble to help you, to make you happy. I would say something about this, and the answer would be, 'With us hospitality is a tradition'. Yes, but it was not just material hospitality I found everywhere, it was the hospitality of the heart. The Indians want to like you, and want you to like them. Nowhere else have I found it so easy to make friends. I do not pretend that there are not difficulties also. I thought Indians

different from ourselves, in two⁴ respects especially. First, they very seldom have what we call taste—taste, I mean, in things like the arrangement of a room, the choice of furniture and ornaments. (I think the same is true of Italians and indeed of all the Mediterranean peoples.) It is not merely that the Indians have very ugly European things, but they have very ugly Indian things. There are some gifted Indian painters, but they receive precious little encouragement. I suspect that Indians do not live much through their eyes, except in one respect: the women dress with exquisite taste, in every class. In the second place the Indian mind, though often subtle, is seldom very critical. They complain a great deal, I do not mean that. But they are uncritical both of theories and of factual information. It is incredibly difficult to find out the truth about anything, not because Indians are untruthful but because they are, I fancy, uninterested in facts.

Let me give one instance. They make in Kashmir a wool as soft and thin as silk: it is fearfully expensive and I have never seen it in Europe. In India I was told, again and again, that this was woven from the down of birds. When I went to Kashmir, I found that this was nonsense: it is made from the hair that grows under a goat's chin. I could give a number of similar instances. I was always asking questions, and always getting different answers, even about things like the hour that a coasting steamer was due to sail. Result, often panic. But as an Indian friend said to me soothingly, 'Things here always come right in the end'. They did. The mysteries remained. On my last day in the country I saw in the middle of Delhi a man leading on a string a sheep that was shorn and had pink spots painted all over it. I longed to know why, but I did not ask. I should probably have got a different answer from everyone I consulted.

Another day, in Goa, I asked a taximan to take me to a beach where I could bathe. He stopped at the top of a long steep path down to the sea. The heat was terrific, and I complained. 'But it's downhill all the way', he said. Of course he may have been teasing me, but I think that it simply had not entered his head that after my bathe I should have to climb the whole way up again. Ten minutes away there was an ideal beach, to the edge of which he then took me.

A disregard for the laws of cause and effect is deep in Indian philosophy. This goes with extreme ingenuity in reasoning. One of the most eminent of India's elder statesmen is also one of the very few men I met there who believe in prohibition. This exists in half of India, where it is having disastrous effects on the public finances. He said to me: 'The rich do not drink; and it is wrong to tax the poor for the benefit of the rich'. This reduced me to silence. In fact the rich do drink, but there are few of them, so most of the excise tax would in fact be paid by the poor. I was however unconvinced, still believing in the advantages of personal liberty and a balanced budget.

Indians are brilliant in mathematics and physics and metaphysics, seldom interested in anthropology, archaeology or even history. Even the highly educated are apt to be very vague, I found, about the remote past. If you ask the date of a temple, you may well be told it is 4,000 years old, though there is not, I believe, one building in India that is B.C. Similarly, you will be told that the Indians invented all sorts of things that existed in Egypt thousands of years earlier. An innocent patriotism is here combined with a characteristic indifference to time. The Indian civilisation has always neglected chronology. Essential dates in its history can be fixed only by accounts of travellers from China.

An Unfamiliar Way of Thought

The extent to which Indians are westernised varies disconcertingly even in the educated class. At one extreme there are men like Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Homi Bhava, who is doing research on cosmic rays, both of them brilliant in conversation, whatever they are discussing, and with a very wide range of interests. Their minds, though incomparably more powerful than mine, seemed to work on much the same lines. I met other distinguished Indians whose whole way of thought was unfamiliar and puzzling. I think this is chiefly a matter of religion. Hinduism—I met few Mohammedans—is most bewildering

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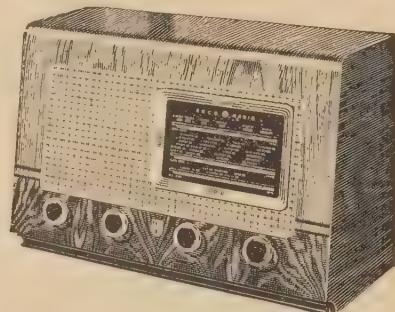
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in its concepts, a mass of what we should call contradictions.

I had the privilege of listening in south India to a famous *guru*, or religious philosopher. He had been public prosecutor, he spoke perfect English, he obviously has a subtle and powerful intellect. Frankly, I did not make much of what he said, no doubt because I know so little of the Vedantic philosophy he was expounding. But I was impressed by his personality and by the general scene. He talks every evening from six to eight, sitting in a deck chair, wearing only a loincloth and a gold wrist-watch. A disciple fanned him incessantly, some sixty disciples of both sexes stood round listening. I was reminded of Socrates, but a Greek audience would have been much less deferential. Only occasionally did the *guru's* disciples venture to ask a question. People came from all over India to listen to him. That, indeed, is why he spoke in English.

At first it seems odd to hear everywhere Indians talking English among themselves. In one house where I stayed it was the only language that my host and hostess had in common. They belonged to the same sub-caste, but one was from the north and the other from the south. The Government is trying to replace English as a *lingua franca* by Hindi; and the standard of English is falling. But the south Indians complain that Hindi is more difficult than English and, of course, far less useful. English is needed for communicating not only with Europeans and Americans, but with the peoples of the Far East. I met some Indians whose English I found difficult to understand, though it was extremely fluent. On the other hand, the newspapers in English are written almost entirely by Indians; some of them are excellent and the standard of writing is high.

Indian women are even more various than men in the degree of their westernisation. Many drive motors, play golf, and are entirely at ease with European men. A few still live in purdah, their faces never seen by any man except a close relation. In Rajputana I saw two such ladies walking along a railway platform, both of them enclosed in one object like a bathing tent. Between these two extremes, there is every gradation. Ladies of the older generation are apt to be rather shy with Europeans. Sometimes if you dine with an Indian, his wife and daughters will appear only after the meal. Even when no stranger is present, it is traditional for the men to eat separately and first. You may think that this variety of social customs must be disconcerting to foreigners. I found that it added to the interest. I greatly liked the Indian salutation, joining the raised hands as if in prayer. (Some ladies do not like shaking hands.)

One is always terrified of doing the wrong thing in a foreign society, but Indians, I think, are very quick to recognise that one means well. I am sure that I sometimes did the wrong thing, but I was never made to feel that I had. This is one more proof of Indian politeness; even the customs house officers there have beautiful manners. I wish I could say the same of Pakistan.

The fatal mistake is to expect anything in India to be like things in England. One should compare, if at all, with Italy or Spain or Greece. Do this, and half the misunderstandings disappear. The trouble was that most of the British in India in the old days had little or no experience of southern Europe, and so were naturally inclined to judge everything by the standards of Kensington, Camberley, or Dundee.

—Third Programme

South Africa's Place in World Economy

(continued from page 623)

Africa is the only country which usually has an unfavourable balance of trade with practically all its trading partners. This is the natural outflow of its position as the world's largest gold producer. South Africa's unfavourable balance with the United Kingdom in 1951 amounted to no less than £70,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that the United Kingdom is the largest single buyer of our products. If invisible imports such as freight payments to British shipping lines and dividends to British investors are added, South Africa's total unfavourable balance, on current account with the United Kingdom, totalled almost £100,000,000 during 1951. This large unfavourable balance explains why the United Kingdom has succeeded in acquiring a substantial share of South Africa's gold output for the benefit of the sterling area's central gold reserves, notwithstanding an appreciable flow of British capital to South Africa.

I wish to conclude with a few general remarks on South Africa's own balance-of-payments problem. The unsatisfied demand for both consumer and producer goods which accumulated during the war, as well as the tremendous increase in the demand for imported capital equipment which resulted from the large-scale post-war development in the field of both mining and secondary industries imposed a severe strain on South Africa's balance of payments. As a result, in November 1948, we were compelled to impose restrictions on imports to prevent the depletion of our gold and foreign exchange reserves.

These measures combined with the large inflow of capital, which followed upon devaluation in September 1949, enabled us not only to maintain our imports at a satisfactory level, but also to increase our gold and foreign exchange reserves from £56,000,000 in June 1949 to £172,000,000 at the end of March 1951. In view of the uncertain international political situation, we deliberately resorted to a widespread relaxation of import restrictions in the beginning of 1951. This has resulted in a substantial decline in our reserves. However, they still stand at £120,000,000 and, in case of need, we could draw further upon them without causing us any undue embarrassment.

Moreover, the strain on our balance of payments is being relieved to an increasing extent from two opposite angles. On the one hand the secondary industries, which during their developing stage, have increased the country's import requirements, are now rapidly increasing their output and thereby reducing the need to import. On the other hand the country's supply of foreign exchange is expected to increase substantially from next year onwards. Apart from possible increases in the export of other products, gold and uranium are expected to

provide an additional £18,000,000 next year, and, as I pointed out, earlier, our gold and uranium output alone will probably increase by £100,000,000 over the next seven years. We believe, therefore, that our balance-of-payments difficulties are of a passing nature, and that we have ample reason to look with confidence to the future.

—Third Programme

The Lost Crusader

Brave salamander, bring me back delight,
Flame's darling in desired extremity!
Break the crisp meal of fire for me to share
Suck me wild honey from the pollen-bright
And tyrannous truculence
Of the sun's bearded glare
That from defeated violence
Smeared with the sweetness of necessity
I may escape into all-cloistering air.

Lodge on my sleeve as on a battlement.
I am a dungeon, the colour of a castle,
Where my heart lies galled, galled by a lost crusade.
The dark keep hides no crust of nourishment,
Furious the sun. O crumble
It to bread! Then lead
Me past the curtain-wall till humble
As a friar I become the sky's own vassal
And may still triumph, blessing its barbarous shade.

Archaic creature, I would wear you chevroned
On my arm as emblem of a naked heart.
Bare I must go with you my minister
To be by desert wanderings saracened.
If you who in noon's fire
Can savour peace like myrrh
Will with sweet sinewy tongue inspire
Me forth, I yet may fill a soldier's part,
I yet may see the Holy Sepulchre.

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The Bechuanaland Protectorate

By A. Sillery. Oxford. 30s.

LANDLOCKED BECHUANALAND came under British control in 1885. Yet there was no single volume that told its story until Mr. Sillery wrote the book now under review. The author is well qualified for the task, for he was Resident Commissioner, that is, in effect, Governor, of the Bechuanaland Protectorate from 1946 to 1950. Part I gives the history of the country from the first coming of Europeans to the outbreak of the Axis war in 1939. Part II is a survey of the traditions and history of the tribes, and Part III a sketch of the topography, economic life, and governmental system of the Protectorate today. Throughout, the author has used the now generally recognised spelling of African names, whereby Khama becomes Kgama, Moselekate becomes Mzilikazi, the Bechuanas themselves become Tswana and so on.

Mr. Sillery's story is a reminder how short is the time during which the vast majority of Africans south of the Sahara have been in touch with white folk. Possibly Boer elephant-hunters crossing the Orange River from the old Cape Colony may have come across some of the Tswana in the late eighteenth century, but the first recorded visit was that of a couple of officials and a missionary to the Tlaping [Batalapin] in 1801. The representatives of the London Missionary Society were the real pioneers, notably that dour Scot, Robert Moffat, who, from 1821 onwards, made his station at Kuruman. Moffat might claim remembrance as the father-in-law of David Livingstone, who began his African career in Bechuanaland; but his real title to fame is that he did much to give the Tswana tongues literary expression, more than once visited Mzilikazi, King of the Matabele, away to the north, and lived to see his own missionary son, John Smith Moffat, build the first white man's house in what is now Southern Rhodesia at his station at Inyati in 1859. Thus was marked out the famous Missionaries' Road which runs more or less beside the present Kimberley-Bulawayo railway, the road on which so much of the history of Bechuanaland has turned.

The Tswana had need of all the help they could get, for theirs was a land of fear: fear of one another, fear of the ferocious Mantatis and Matabele in the eighteen-twenties and thirties; and thereafter fear of the Transvaalers who, as late as 1884, were trying to acquire their lands and cut the Road by thrusting out across it their little republics of Stellaland and Goshen. It was fear lest they might thus join hands with the newly arrived Germans in south-west Africa that impelled the British Government to take decisive action. Working through the devoted missionary, the Rev. John Mackenzie, to whom the author gives full credit, then Cecil Rhodes, and finally Sir Charles Warren at the head of a column of troops, it obtained the consent of the Chiefs to the creation of the Crown Colony of British Bechuanaland in the southern part of the huge and thinly peopled area, and of a Protectorate over the remainder.

If it was, thus, a missionary who played a notable part in ensuring that Bechuanaland should become British territory, it was other missionaries who did much to prevent its becoming 'a mere appendage' of Rhodes' recently founded Southern Rhodesia. Rhodes, Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, did indeed take over British Bechuanaland for that Colony in 1895, but he did not get the Protectorate. The

famous Chiefs, Kgama, Setshela, and Bathoen, journeyed to London, accompanied by the Rev. W. C. Willoughby, arranged with the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, that they should have large reserves, and finally achieved 'their dear wish' of speaking with the Great White Queen herself, who is still remembered affectionately by their people as 'Mosadinyana', the Little Woman. Mr. Sillery says little of the Jameson Raid which started from Bechuanaland, or of the South African war apart from the relief of Mafeking. He says a good deal about the famous Regent, Tshwedi, but barely mentions the unhappy Seretse and his European wife, and, with the discretion of a high official, is silent on the possible transfer of the Protectorate to the Union.

Part III, on the present state of the Protectorate, is enlightening. The author notes that most of the inhabitants live in the eastern parts, that cattle are prominent in their agricultural life, and that Tswana society is based on towns larger than any in Black Africa south of Uganda. He discusses the problem of migratory labour in an interesting way, pointing out that the revolt against tribalism comes less from the returning labourers than from the tiny but growing body of Native intelligentsia. Be that as it may, the reviewer suspects that a good many of the brand new bicycles, which do much abound, are the property of the rank and file as well as of the educated Tswana. Generally speaking, the picture Mr. Sillery draws is encouraging, notably the keenness of the people for education, a keenness which leads too many Native authorities to forget that such social services have to be paid for by someone. But, then, the simple Tswana are not singular in this forgetfulness.

Eisenstein—A Biography. By Marie Seaton. Bodley Head. 35s.

It is claimed by his biographer that when such part of Eisenstein's research and theoretical work as remains unpublished becomes available, posterity may rank him higher even as a scientist and philosopher than as a film director. 'Indeed, he may be generally recognised as a universal genius'. This suggestion has somewhat the flavour of those wildly exaggerated claims made by Hollywood publicists on behalf of the wares manufactured in that bizarre city; though in fact a greater antipathy than existed between Eisenstein and Hollywood is scarcely to be imagined.

For those, however, who hold their breath whenever Eisenstein's name is mentioned this immensely painstaking work of Miss Seaton's, which eschews no detail of her subject's eternal search for the roots of artistic expression, will be welcomed. After his death in Russia at the early age of fifty, she says, very few people could miss him for more than a few days or a few months. 'His public figure, however much it might be respected, was not one that could easily be liked or loved. He had appeared too formidable'. Formidable he is often made to appear in these five hundred pages; sometimes, too, it is hard not to find him a bit of a bore. Yet from a hint dropped now and again, and especially from his numerous photographs, comes a suspicion that Eisenstein might have possessed a distinct sense of humour, and been an entertaining companion. Which is why one would have liked to hear more of the man and less of his theories; since in any case an account of the latter, albeit none too clearly expressed, is to be found in his own book, *Film Form*.

Apart from the excessive praise often lavished upon his work because of its association with the proletarian revolution, Eisenstein has his place in film history as a brilliant editor who, developing the technique invented by D. W. Griffith, achieved his effects by joining together, in a carefully calculated order, the various sequences of film he had shot. His masterly use of this technique is to be seen in the two films 'Potemkin' and 'Alexander Nevsky'. Of 'Thunder Over Mexico', much of which is tedious stuff, it is unfair to speak, since he was never allowed to edit it himself. But it is useless to pretend that in the first part of 'Ivan the Terrible' (the second part has never been shown to the public) his calculations had not reached a pitch of refinement which rendered the film almost static.

Miss Seaton gives a frank and unbiased version of the great scandal which arose when Eisenstein, in a misguided moment (one he paid for dearly) included in a trunk he sent to Upton Sinclair, the American novelist, a number of pornographic drawings of his own design. The whole of this episode, which is clearly authenticated by the inclusion of correspondence between Mr. Sinclair and the biographer, is an instance of how difficult for himself Eisenstein made things during the time he was an exile from his own country.

A Many-Splendoured Thing

By Han Suyin. Cape. 15s.

Time and place and birth are part authors of this remarkable autobiographical episode. It could never have happened this way except to Dr. Han Suyin in the years 1949 and 1950; and in those years it seems inevitable that it should have happened.

Han Suyin was the daughter of a Chinese father and an English mother living in Chungking. Even in the womb perhaps the conflict between east and west began, a conflict which had she been born in India and not China would almost certainly have reduced her to the neutral insipidity of the Eurasian whose behaviour in trying to please both standards stimulates neither. But she was Chinese, and remarkable in intelligence, independence of mind, and lack of sentimentality. She opted for Chinese nationality. The people, the country, their poets and philosophers called her. Yet she was also English. Englishwomen had a freedom to develop as human beings denied to most Chinese women; she wanted to enjoy the privileges of a western woman and especially her educational opportunities. She married a man who became a Kuomintang general, by whom she had a daughter. By Chinese standards, this should have been enough—except for the bearing of more children—but she wanted a career. To her husband's displeasure, she announced her intention of training as a doctor. She prevailed and he was killed in action against the Chinese Communists.

Doctor Han had her first training in England. She had no faith in the Kuomintang and not a great faith in the communism of the Chinese. She went to Hong Kong to finish her training, before returning to China, to serve the Chinese people rather than any party. It is in Hong Kong we first meet her, living in a missionaries' hostel, listening to the gossip and the nostalgia of the expelled missionaries of every Christian sect. Hers is the only description of Hong Kong which this reviewer has read which makes every section of that commercial colony alive, the

European and Chinese traders oblivious to everything except quick profits, the speculation, the poverty, the batting of lepers across the frontier between Kowloon and China, the smells in different streets. As documentary writing, this is brilliant. Dr. Han may have chosen China as her fatherland, but English is her *Muttersprache*.

With all her gifts, she is a cold, constricted woman. To be half English, half Chinese, to be carrying back to China western knowledge more proper to a man, is enough to make a woman circumspect. But Hong Kong, anchored like a gigantic English pleasure liner off the coast of China, is too much for her. She meets Mark Elliott, an English journalist, born in Peking, also in his way cold and constricted, also wanting to return to China, because he is spiritually a Eurasian and China is where he be'ongs. The love-affair between these two is written by Dr. Han at a mounting pressure, which by the end breaks from control. The tragedy of his death in Korea is too much for the author to bear. But her collaborators, time and place and birth, sustain her in this adversity. They make of these Eurasian mediators, the healers, the interpreters, the lovers, symbols of those who are first to be crushed between the ideo'logies of the two worlds, each in its own way starry-eyed and innocent and each in practice guilty and cynical

Three Great Irishmen: Shaw, Yeats, Joyce. By Arland Ussher. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

This book exemplifies a kind of criticism which has almost vanished for the moment and which is very much in need of a healthy revival. Literary criticism nowadays tends increasingly towards an ideological weighing in the balances on one hand, and airtight exegesis on the other. The latter is particularly prevalent in the case of Yeats and Joyce. Mr. Ussher's airy and personal, yet deeply considered approach to these masters will irritate their researching devotees as much as it ought to refresh the common reader. His subjects may seem to fit oddly within the covers of one book; but the inconsistency is a part of their Irishness, and Mr. Ussher writes as an Irishman appraising the three greatest of his countrymen in this century—all of them, in a sense, exiles, and none of them much appreciated, it would seem, in Eire today.

Mr. Ussher himself is not an Irishman for nothing. He is occasionally given to large statements as silly as this: 'Just as Wesley saved England from the French Revolution, so Shaw may have saved her from the Russian'. And his interpretation of Yeats' tremendous epitaph—"He himself is the cold horseman who must forever ride, because Life and Death have passed him by"—is Irish enough in its inversion of meaning to make even that horseman turn back. But such gaffes are thinly—and in a way stimulatingly—scattered among a wealth of shrewd comment, as when the critic compares Shaw's Dauphin and his relationship with St. Joan to that of Dick Whittington and his cat, or remarks, again apropos of Shaw, that 'the result of despising the Flesh is not that it makes a man spiritual, but that it makes him mechanical'. And only an Irishman could have hit on the illuminating parallel between Yeats, the belated Rosicrucian in the nineteenth century and John Scotus, the belated Neo-platonist in the ninth.

The approach to Shaw is free from the constraints of the ex-disciple, and from obituary considerations. The appreciation of Yeats, though quite as lively, is not quite so satisfying as a whole. It assumes rather less familiarity with the poet's work than many English readers will have. With regard to Joyce, Mr. Ussher makes a clean short-cut through all the usual

circuitous approaches. In avoiding the stock responses of personal distaste for the character of Joyce's work and awed admiration of his verbal virtuosity, he perhaps unduly emphasises Joyce's qualities as a great humorous writer. For most readers Joyce's humour, where it is not arcane or childish, will remain in the same class with Jonson's and Swift's. Mr. Ussher must be one of the happy few who can laugh at it. Apart from that, his study is admirably free both from idolatry and iconoclasm. He points out 'the inadequacy of Joyce's culture' and his 'tendency to wrap up the simple, even the sentimental, in the esoteric', where determined admirers have noted only the austere cultural de-limitation, or have got lost in the elaborate wrappings. He does well to emphasise Joyce's sentimentality for what it is. Much has been made of the father-child relationship in *Ulysses*, and critics have even evoked comparisons with Shakespeare. A comparison with *Dombey and Son* would be as much to the point. The apparition of little Rudy Bloom, for example, is surely worthy of Dickens at his worst.

Perhaps Mr. Ussher's three subjects have more in common than he claims. Certainly they were, in very different ways, three great masters of rhetoric, in an age whose literary aims were turning away from rhetorical device. Secondly, they could never quite escape a characteristic incoherence. Shaw was always the chameleon of his own ideas, and could never quite resist the temptations of contradiction. As for Yeats and Joyce, Yeats' central prose work, *A Vision*, bears a certain structural resemblance to *Finnegans Wake*. Both works are, in a sense, a *reductio ad absurdum* of a rigidly methodical system, a *reductio* which perhaps only an Irishman could have carried out—and even then with not quite a straight face. These suggestions go beyond the author's views, but his is a kind of criticism which stimulates conjecture instead of stifling it. Though he writes with the occasional carelessness of a born talker, his talk is of the kind that is based on mature and many-sided consideration.

The Big Tree of Mexico. By John Skeaping. Turnstile Press. 16s.

To recover from a major operation the sculptor John Skeaping spent a year in Mexico, part of the time in Mexico City, where he was exhilarated by the civic importance given to artists, and some time longer in tropical Oaxaca, where he hoped, and finally managed, to discover the secret pre-Aztec techniques of the potters who produce a unique black glaze on their wares, and especially in the poverty-stricken village of Tule, whose claim to tourists' visits is an enormous cypress, the 'world's biggest tree'. Mr. Skeaping 'went native', wearing local dress and eating local food—he rightly stresses the importance of accepting food and drink in creating rapport; and despite the fact that he only spoke Spanish managed to get on terms of some intimacy with some of the normally suspicious Indians.

Professor Julian Huxley, who writes a short foreword, is incorrect in saying Mr. Skeaping 'crossed the anthropological barrier'; 'going native' is as great a contrast with anthropological fieldwork as being a tourist; Mr. Skeaping neither analyses nor compares; he has no knowledge of the relevant literature; the incidents which he describes plainly but quite engagingly are recounted for their anecdotal, not their scientific, interest. His book must be read as a travel book; as such it is agreeable, though studded with minor inaccuracies and some very naive judgments in favour of the 'noble savage'. As a sculptor Mr. Skeaping has never received adequate recognition from contemporary criti-

cism, for his very considerable skill is not employed modishly: his respect for technique informs the most interesting passages of his book, the descriptions of Indian potters.

Creative Crafts in Education

By Seonaid M. Robertson. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

If the writer responsible for the blurb on the dust cover had said that no teacher of art could possibly afford not to possess a copy of this book he would have been guilty of no great exaggeration. It is a very good book indeed. Miss Robertson is a practical enthusiast, her enthusiasm is exhilarating, it gives pungency and force to the intelligent things that she has to say and it suggests that power of communicating zeal which is a characteristic of the good teacher.

It must however be admitted that some people may find so much impetuous ardour a little tiresome. Like most enthusiasts, Miss Robertson is inclined to be dogmatic, her method is the *only* method, those who disagree are not merely mistaken but immoral. 'Decoration should never be something superimposed upon an article made by someone else', this is mere 'handwork' and results in 'perverted decoration'. In this example one knows what horrors the authoress has in mind, and knowing, one understands. Nevertheless it is not really possible to weave every fabric that is printed in school, neither need 'book craft' start with the construction of a paper mill.

Moreover, just as enthusiasm leads to dogmatism so also, unless it be combined with considerable literary ability, it leads to a certain incoherence of style. Thus the earlier chapters of this book are unnecessarily difficult. But when Miss Robertson comes to a description of methods she is extremely clear and wonderfully instructive. It is in descriptions of the actual technique of teaching, the provision of materials, the arrangement of class-rooms, the manifold possibilities presented by crafts for exciting, satisfying, thought-provoking work in and around school by individuals and by groups that she excels. It is the wide practical knowledge and sympathetic ingenuity of the authoress which makes *Creative Crafts in Education* an indispensable work of reference.

Perhaps the greatest merit of this book is its extremely realistic approach to the question of environment. Children turn naturally to the arts of the outer world, of our slick machine-made civilisation. Their drama is supplied by the strip-cartoon, the 'comic' and the local cinema; their literature consists of westerns and scientific romances; they find the graphic arts in advertisements and on the counters of chain-stores. The aesthetic intention of these enthralling works of art is very different from that of the children's own work (if the teacher has allowed that work to emerge spontaneously). And yet the pupil turns from his own works and admires more that which he finds ready made around him; he is impressed by their glossy brilliance, and they are well calculated to flatter the glamorous fantasies of the adolescent.

To disregard this potent external influence is to create two aesthetic environments, that of the school and that of the outer world. This, at best, is likely to create an unhealthy duality; in fact it creates a struggle in which the outer world wins hands down. With great courage Miss Robertson prefaces her work with an account of the aesthetic condition of the town in which she once taught. Hardly anything remains of her labours; the chapter reads like the account of a careful gardener revisiting his beds after many years of neglect to find them choked with weeds. But the solution, or at least an approach to the solution of the problem, is suggested in these pages. Miss Robertson is too wise to pretend to

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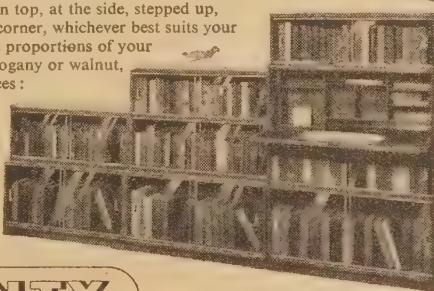
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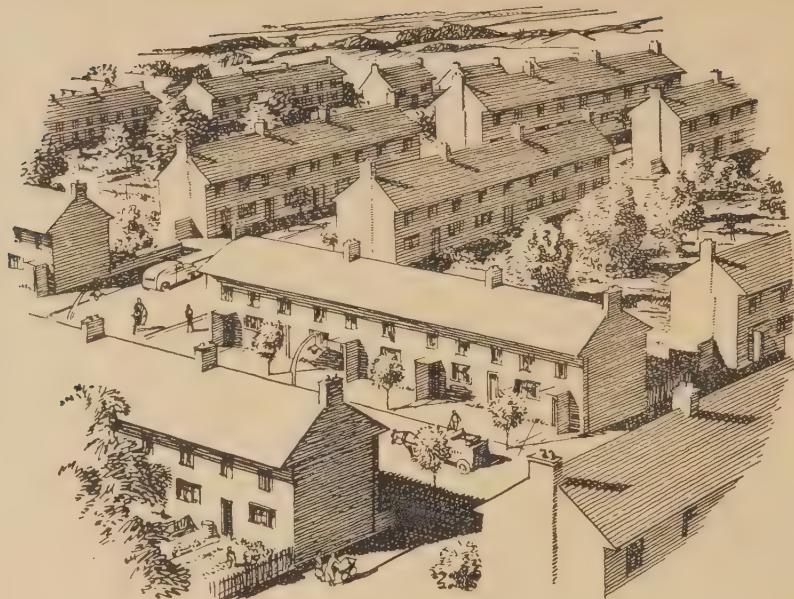
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A STRANGER might wonder why no one in these neat streets of dark green doors has thought to challenge the neighbours by a bolder colour scheme. He might even make the mistake of supposing that the houses in Elm Row were all alike. But if he lived here he would quickly realise that it is not the colour of its front door that lends a house its character, but the people who live behind it.



OF ALL WHO DO business hereabouts it is perhaps the insurance man who understands best of all how diverse are the personalities and interests, and how varied the needs and circumstances of these 'average' households. For his job has to do with the most intimate of family financial affairs; to carry it out faithfully he has to bring a very personal service to bear upon problems that are never quite the same in any two homes.



AN INDISPENSABLE feature of this service is the regular collection of life assurance premiums when these can most readily be paid—usually at intervals that match the frequency of the pay-packet. But for this there would be many families in this typical street who would almost certainly make no voluntary provision for the future. Among the hundred or so homes there is hardly one where no industrial assurance policies are held. For most of them regular personal saving depends essentially upon the service the insurance man brings to the door.

IN ELM Row this saving fulfils more often than not a twofold purpose. First and foremost it provides life assurance. There are few whose Home Service Insurance budget does not include provision for financial aid in the event of the breadwinner's death.

THE SECOND and increasingly popular role of Home Service Insurance is to build up a modest reserve of capital for future use. Twenty or thirty years ago the majority of industrial assurance policies taken out were 'whole

life' contracts. To-day most new policies are effected with the expectation of enjoying their benefits during life time.

IN THE ELM Row households, as in most other homes throughout the country, it is the insurance agent to whom the family looks for help and guidance in choosing, from among the wide range of policies, the scheme best suited to domestic needs and means. The very regularity of his visits and the understanding of family problems and aspirations that he inevitably acquires gives him an authority as friend and confidant that is accepted as a matter of course in the homes at which he calls.

IN THIS RESPECT, the agent's responsibilities as family adviser have widened appreciably over the past few decades. The average citizen has set his sights on new standards of life for himself and his family. He looks to his insurance policies as a means of helping to provide future amenities that enable him to look forward to retirement with pleasure rather than anxiety. Endowment assurances maturing at the critical time when careers have to be chosen may spell all the difference between blind alleys and worthwhile jobs for his children. These family plans depend for their fruition upon the services of the insurance man which transform thrift from a conscious effort into a habit.

THIS IS WHERE the domestic economies practised in Elm Row touch upon the wider economy of the nation as a whole. For Home Service Insurance is long-term thrift with a purpose—a purpose which can be fulfilled adequately only if the saving is steady and continuous. This stability, a characteristic of insurance contracts, earns the industry the important place it occupies in our economic life.

HOME SERVICE INSURANCE adds £50 million to the nation's net savings every year. Much of this depends upon the thrift of the 'average' families who live in Elm Row and elsewhere. But it is the personal painstaking service of the insurance man—who knows Elm Row not by the numbers on the front doors but by the people who live behind them—that makes this thrift effort possible.

ignore the challenge of the shoddy delights of our society. She goes out to meet it, to examine, criticise and expose it. She makes her pupils think critically about the *décor* of modern life, their clothes, their furniture, the films they see.

She shows how much can be done in this direction and she leaves one with a notion of how much more ought to be done. A great deal of valuable work has been accomplished by the more progressive art teachers who are now at

work in our schools; but if their work is to be of enduring value it must be realised that the inculcation of a severely critical approach to the art of the outer world is one of the main tasks of art education.

New Novels

The Midnight Diary. By Michael Burn. Rupert Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.

Hear and Forgive. By Emyr Humphreys. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

Love for Lydia. By H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

IN the past four months I have criticised three dozen novels, read about nine dozen and dipped into many more. The experience has given me, despite all the distractions, an impression of two main streams of literature, the nostalgic, of which this week Mr. Bates' novel is the representative, and the contemporary novel concerned with the intermediate man or woman who cannot accept any of the prefabricated beliefs of our time—the heroes of Mr. Angus Wilson's *Hemlock and After* and Miss Jameson's *The Green Man*, the scientists of Mr. Hough's *Moment of Decision* and Dr. Comfort's *A Giant's Strength*.

Every age has its focal figure, its Werther, its Byron, its Stephen Dedalus, its Prufrock. And today in the western world the key figure is a nonconformist (whose counterpart in the east has either been liquidated or deprived of the right to be published). Voices are raised in the west demanding that any author who suggests that the issues are not quite as simple as journalists and politicians make them out to be, are traitors to their country. So it is very heartening to find how many novelists are emphasising the importance of unpopular things. Maybe no nationalism is enough; maybe scientific ballyhoo is suspect; maybe love, and not social democracy, communism or the American way of life, is what we ought to strive for.

In Michael Burn's novel, an English diplomat, asked whether he believes in God, answers that in Spain he was against God, there was too much of him, but in communist Hungary he was all for God. 'And what about England?' asks the Hungarian woman. 'Well, in England I just don't think about him at all', he replies. Which in that context is not necessarily a cynical remark. Mr. Burn tells the story of the daughter of a well-known Viennese liberal, who having been married to an Austrian nazi is put in a concentration camp during the war and being released elects to go to Budapest. Through her diary, we see the progress of the Hungarian Revolution, the attacks on the Smallholders Party, the Social Democrats, Cardinal Mindszenty and then on communists like Rajk. His building-up of the effects of terror by rumour, contaminative association, claustrophobia and gossip is the most convincing study I have read of the way communist dictatorships, in the desire to bulldoze through to Utopia, make enemies of non-combatants and saboteurs of their own followers. Mr. Burn's answer to this terrified and terrifying scramble to industrialisation is not the United States or France or England, but the God who is Love.

In *Hear and Forgive*, Mr. Emyr Humphreys is writing a very similar novel, but the scene is not Budapest since the war, but an experimental school run by one of the Home County Education authorities just outside London. The narrator is a young man who writes novels and poetry and teaches scriptural history. In the school, the persecuted are in this case the two communist schoolmasters. The conflicts are the same, but the dominants are different. And in the centre is the young man politically neutral, but with a great desire for God. An author is placed in a

difficult position. He has most to write about when things are bad, and when things are bad the censorship is worst. In contrast to *The Midnight Diary*, *Hear and Forgive* is a trivial book. But this is only partly due to the fact that the hero's troubles are placed in a school from which he can resign without disaster. The other difficulty is that the hero, having gone through various experiences, does the Christian thing and returns to his wife (who now has some money of her own), and his return appears the most contemptible thing he does in the whole book. Mr. Humphreys is going to do something very good. If this novel is meant to stand by itself, he has not yet done it. But it is well worth reading all the same. It is nagging around the problem which will concern us more and more as the pretensions of all the competitors for Utopia are exposed.

Mr. H. E. Bates is a far better writer than either Mr. Burn or Mr. Humphreys. For over ten years preceding the war he had deservedly the reputation of being one of the greatest living masters of the short-story form. No one could more skilfully take two or three objects or characteristics and invest them with symbolic significance, and having done so play every variation on them before bringing his story to its satisfactory close. His observation of nature was loving, his description of it almost physically evocative, as precise and poetic as D. H. Lawrence's. He was a lyricist; for him mood, a moment, a fragment of life caught out of the corner of the eye, a character seen in a situation which hinted at the past and future without pedestrially exploring them, these were the things that mattered. But as everybody said, a short-story writer must be a novelist if he is to make the grade; and Mr. Bates, with the aid of the late Edward Garnett, worked on a number of novels which were longer than his short stories but not nearly as good, except in spots. The novels did not win him resounding success. The small, discriminating but enthusiastic public he had gained preferred the short stories.

Up to this time, Mr. Bates had been a secluded writer. Across his country fields no premonition of war cast its shadow. Fascism, anti-fascism, and the tangle of political alliances and treacheries did not disturb his garden. He was what people had always wished that Lawrence should be, a man without a stated philosophy, living quietly in a little village outside Ashford, Kent. 'Came the war', as my colleagues sometimes put it, and Mr. Bates joined the Air Ministry, Public Relations Branch, as Flying-Officer X. His volume of short stories *The Greatest People in the World*, though not to compare with his previous work, was the finest commissioned writing of the war, on the British side. From the point of view of Mr. Bates it was important in two ways. Firstly, because of its subject it sold in hundreds instead of tens of thousands of copies. The artist who was loved by a select few was read by millions as a propagandist. Secondly, he had entered into an experience outside his rustic life. He had begun, one suspects, to find his exiguous perfection slightly cloying. Given the chance of Burma, he bur-

geoned. Here, because the background was so unfamiliar, it was possible to write long short stories at novel length. *The Purple Plain* in more familiar surroundings could not have lasted longer than Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*. *The Jacaranda Tree* was the 'Boule de Suif' of South-East Asia. Now Mr. Bates' Burmese days are over and he is back in his pre-war Evansford, that Midland boot-town set in lovely country which has been the scene of so many of his short stories. Is *Love for Lydia* at last a novel? Has the spell of success enchanted this great short-story writer so that he now has the secret of writing at length?

The answer definitely is No. The book opens brilliantly in that hard winter of 1929 when even the rivers froze over. The descriptions of scenery are so perfect that the characters do not matter a great deal. Lydia, a shy, rich girl of nineteen who learns to skate and loves it, is so small against this Breughel February landscape that she is quite convincing. And then we go from section to section, the author using great ingenuity at every, or almost every, stage. Yet the queer thing is that as the novel goes on, though its sections are brilliant, we know and care less and less about Lydia. She is the thread on which a series of short stories have been strung, with a tag-line at the end of each. But the vision is always a short-story vision, usually of a high quality but sometimes, and especially in the last part of the book, where Lydia and Norah, her friend, having 'burnt themselves out' in six months' dancing and being on one occasion perceptibly drunk, have both succumbed to tuberculosis, being in the tradition of the *Family Herald*. Perhaps Mr. Bates will never learn how to write a novel in the class of his short stories. Perhaps his solution would be to devise an art form in between. Lydia glimpsed fragmentarily through a series of short stories about her would have been a lot more tantalising—though less marketable—than she is in this book.

Also recommended: *Dwelly Lane*, by F. V. Morley (Eyre and Spottiswoode), a lark of a thriller which is compulsive reading throughout and a great deal of the time very funny. *And Ruffians Leap* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 9s. 6d.) is the first novel of Desmond Carolan, a comedy of the cloak-and-dagger warfare on the Greek islands in the last year of the war; a funny if brutal affair of those far off days when men thought of war in terms of grenades and gold sovereigns instead of rockets with atomic warheads. *Master Jim Probit*, by Frank Swinerton (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is, in the author's own words, as in our Surrey village he lost the last post three minutes after me, 'my latest folly'. He has been writing novels for forty years, and if I can write as well as he does in his folly when I have been writing as long as that, I shall feel proud. Jim Probit is a hypocrite, a Pecksniff or Tartuffe, who tells his own story, and of course he is not a hypocrite to himself, any more than we are to ourselves.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

New novels are being reviewed by a number of critics in turn. On October 30 Mr. Stephen Spender takes over from Mr. Calder-Marshall.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Ad Astra

WALKING WITH A FRIEND in Hyde Park on a starlit evening, and overcome by the heavenly brilliance, Carlyle was moved to deprecate our human habit of 'sniggering at things'. For him in that moment of humility irony was a supreme vice. A similar mood may have been induced in some viewers by the moon pictures so dramatically flung on to our screens ten evenings or so ago. The effect was startling, a rehearsal, one felt, not only of greater optical ingenuities to come but of greater feats of astral investigation. Man, who has not discovered how to support himself on this his planet, is gazing outward into space in obedience to new compulsions and in search of new conquests. That television will be one of his aids in this sublime foolhardiness is perhaps not unreasonably presumed. Seeing the moon in close-up from one's armchair was an almost terrifying experience. We were set wondering, for instance, about the remarkable uniformity in size and distribution of some of the craters, which seemed to have mathematical significance. Clearly the lecturer knew his sub-

housing situation unturned. Although some of the voice tricks were outworn and there were frayed ends in the script, the total result was an encouraging example of television doing a service to the community.

While being entirely sympathetic to the claims of youth, I do not assent to the proposition that adolescents have a serious contribution to make to the didactic programmes of television. Unripe opinions are flavourless. The adolescents in 'Question Time' had nothing to say that made them conspicuously more worth hearing than any other group of the same age. Their animation was pleasant to see. Their eagerness to 'have a go' was touching. But in terms of discussion, not to mention logic, the programme was insipid, of itself making no point that has

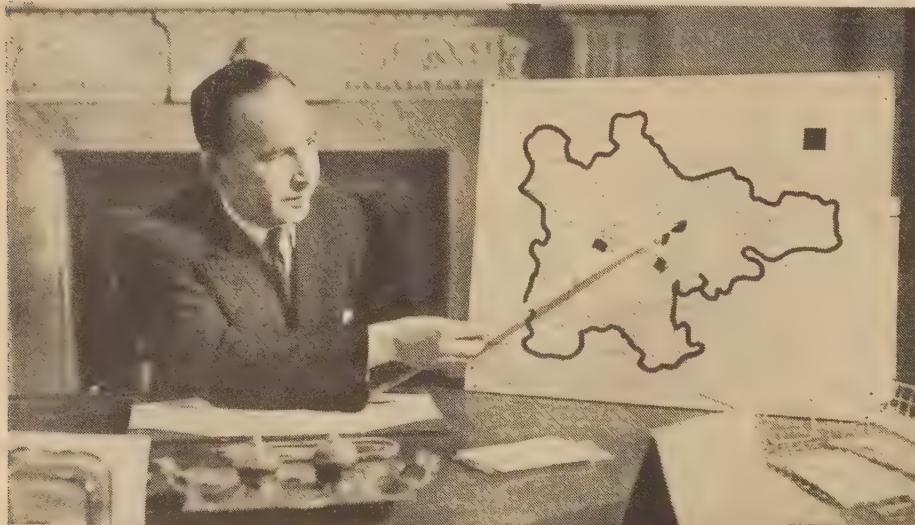


As seen on the television screen: the crowning of the bard of the year, the Rev. Colin Mackenzie, at 'The National Mod of Scotland'; and the moon as it appeared through a telescope especially constructed at Alexandra Palace

John Cura

the speedway crowd would have no stones at hand with which to make a martyr of him. This doubtless unpopular prejudice of mine has been completely rested, I am glad to say, during the past fortnight. Instead, television has been bringing us scenes, always attractive, sometimes exciting, from an arena in which a nobler sport was pursued and a more poetic jargon heard. The Horse of the Year Show at Harringay was extremely well televised in all its aspects, including the commentaries of Peter Dimmock and Dorian Williams, a viewing experience of unusual excellence and pleasure. Nor did television keep the enthusiasts away. The show, we were told over the air, was a 'sell out', a fact which doubtless has been borne in upon some of the more obtuse minds in public showmanship.

Unlike the Welsh, the Gaels of Scotland have found their bard of the year and we viewers saw him crowned in the dignified piece of ritual which was the climax of 'The National Mod of



In 'Special Enquiry—1: Housing', A. C. Jury, Architect for the City of Glasgow, points out the areas of the town which have been selected for redevelopment

ject, but the efficiency of his commentary fell considerably below that of the usual scientific discourse, and there were parentheses of faulty synchronisation of text and pictures that brought us back to earth with a snigger which even Carlyle might have pardoned. None the less, 'The Moon' was enterprising television.

So was 'Special Enquiry', the national-problems series of programmes which started off with housing and went some distance towards its avowed objective of establishing 'a new style of television journalism . . . as honest and incisive as British journalism at its best', *vide Radio Times*. To achieve this aim the series is to have behind it a concerted effort by experts in sound, scriptwriting, commentary, fact-gathering, music, and design. The first programme was admirably comprehensive and instructive, leaving practically no brick in the

stayed in the mind and, as entertainment, deficient in the ingredients that matter, except charm. Nor do I think that it was a flash of inspiration to put George Cansdale, of the Zoo, in the chair. For one thing, he did not seem to know what to do with his arms. My own reaction to the programme, the first of a series, was sternly uncompromising. I assigned it mentally to the category of time-wasting television. Adolescence has really nothing to say. Why use thirty minutes' good viewing time to prove it?

More than once when the infuriatingly noisy sport of speedway racing has been televised I have wished that a Telemachus of our time would rush forth from the stands to protest, just as his Asian prototype did at the gladiatorial show in Rome. The insurance rate for the modern Telemachus might not be so high, for



Laurence Whistler, poet and glass engraver, is shown engraving on glass in the programme 'Artists at Work' televised on September 30. He holds the tungsten steel scriber in a manner which he finds gives the greatest possible control

Scotland' programme transmitted to us from the Island of Bute. The keynote of the occasion was a sombre romanticism, and it reached us unfailingly through the medium of song and speech and the swing of the kilt and the charmingly uplifted faces of enraptured young women. 'The Mod' was decidedly a viewing novelty for most of us.

I had wished to write something in approval of Philip Harben's capital new kitchen series and something scathing about the second 'Jan At The Blue Fox' programme. Wordsworth intervenes. Having commended to those in charge of television certain lines written by him on first seeing a copy of *The Illustrated London News*, I am required by several readers to quote them here, an antique grumble with a topical echo:

Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
And written words the glory of his hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged command
For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love expand.
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit
The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we here,
From manhood—back to childhood; for the age—
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.
Avant this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

All Our Yesterdays

THE FATE OF Stephen Phillips is a warning to prophets. Not much more than half a century ago, a critic in *The Times* said of Phillips that 'his writings contain the indefinable quality which makes for permanence'. That was some of the most guarded praise of a dramatist, who has since become a kick-about of English literature; he is a safe target for any cynic given to praising the present at the expense of the past. The revival of 'Paolo and Francesca' (Home), with Christopher Hassall to introduce it sympathetically, was a challenge: one to be seized by writers who—in a phrase that has haunted me—talk of 'the four-beat line, our natural modern rhythm, and natural antidote to blank verse'. It is easy to cry down 'Paolo', which was inspired by a passage from Dante: it quivers with echoes, and the hyperbole of fifty years ago is now inexplicable. But the broadcast proved its force as a piece of direct narrative; certain phrases, such as 'The palace rocks, Remembering at midnight', still have their sting. Phillips could write a sounding line; few modern dramatists, who seek an antidote to blank verse, can do this.

William Devlin, as Giovanni, Tyrant of Rimini, governed the performance. This was a richly sombre study: it makes one recall such a line as 'And that armed ghost of Paolo by me rode'. It was a pity (though inevitable) to lose the visual *coup de théâtre* when Giovanni parts the curtains before the dead are brought in and the play fades on its Websterian echo. Some of the other playing faltered. For once Cathleen Nesbitt, to my ear, was uneasy. Neither Alan Badel nor Claire Bloom fully persuaded me, though Mr. Badel spoke with (I imagine) something of its original undulid effect the passage in which Paolo looks back down the road to Rimini. I missed from the radio adaptation certain once-celebrated phrases, and it seemed needless, in Paolo's last speech, to substitute 'God's' for 'Thy' throughout: the listener should be allowed imagination. But, all said, the evening was a tribute to a 'famous and unlucky name': it is right that we should sometimes remember Phillips.

We looked back again in 'The Case of Governor Eyre', (Third), a feature that hardly blew us about the world in ecstasy. It revived another name also famous and unlucky, though for reasons far different. Eyre, during the autumn of 1865, suppressed a Negro rising in Jamaica by methods so drastic that he started in England a faction-fight that clashed on for years. Eric Ewens (author) and Christopher Sykes (producer) provided a very cunning, and not too snappy, montage of press-cuttings and speeches: Carlyle, Bright, Ruskin, John Stuart Mill, Tennyson, and Kingsley were among the voices that volleyed and thundered. I liked especially John Sharp's post-prandial manner as Kingsley who, according to the author, saw Eyre as 'a character out of *Westward Ho!*'

We went a long way farther back in Maurice Brown's version of 'The Cat That Walked by Himself' (Home). Kipling's 'Just So' story is a jewel; Alan Wheatley's velvet-padded tones, sinuous and furry, were matched to it; and I fancy that Mary Hope Allen enjoyed the production. The third of 'The Star Show' series (Home), the best I had met, included both Robb Wilton's frothing-pint manner and a soundly acted snatch from 'Mary Tudor': Variety indeed.

Neither a new play, a mild anecdote, 'He Who Laughs Last' (Light), nor a revival of Daphne du Maurier's 'The Years Between' (Light), now rubbing thin, had special note, though Hugh Burden (who was in the first) has a kind of smouldering intensity that always tells on the air. 'Iris' (Home), which took us to the Edwardian theatre of the autumn before 'Paolo', showed again that Pinero can generate a strong theatrical excitement. Sonia Dresdel, using a crumpled-satin voice for the too-indulgent Iris, never bred to penury, and Norman Shelley as her passionate 'protector', Maldonado, were wisely cast. Here, surely, is a part for Miss Dresdel in the theatre.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Bookish

MY LISTENING LAST WEEK inclined towards the bookish—Daniel George on the National Central Library, Anne Karminski on *The Edinburgh Review*, Audrey Russell on No. 5 (now No. 24) Cheyne Row, the home of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle, and (bookish in that they come out of a book) a reading of three poems of Theodore Roethke by Dylan Thomas.

In 'The Brain Exchange', the title of his talk on the National Central Library, Daniel George was bookish on an astronomical scale. This library, he assured us, puts at our disposal 21,000,000 books. Appetite and imagination boggle at such stupendous generosity. What, one asks oneself, can be the cubic capacity and what the tonnage of this mammoth accumulation of printed matter? It would build, one conjectures, several St. Paul's Cathedrals. The note under the title in the *Radio Times* led me to anticipate fifteen minutes of somewhat humdrum, though possibly useful, information, and were I to summarise Mr. George's talk, that is the impression I would convey to those readers who did not listen, for I would have had to quote other staggering figures and describe briefly how the library functions. But Mr. George is an excellent broadcaster, and an excellent broadcaster, like an excellent cook, can make a palatable dish out of the most uninviting materials. His account of this unique and invaluable institution not only interested but thrilled me. And if you, gentle reader, should ask your county library for an almost unobtainable book on an almost incredible subject, you may be sure that the wheels of the National Central Library will begin to revolve

on your behalf. Nor need you confine your demands to English books: France, Italy, Holland, Germany, and other countries participate in the scheme.

The first number of *The Edinburgh Review*, founded by Sydney Smith and Francis Jeffrey, appeared 150 years ago last Friday, and Anne Karminski's critical and historical impression of its founders and original reviewers was an exceptionally interesting and enjoyable performance. The intellectual life of the Edinburgh of those days—the Athens of the north—was not, she pointed out, specialised: the reviewers were all-round men, amateurs in the best sense of the word, sincere and benevolent, not only men of leisure but of great industry, too. When *The Edinburgh* appeared, literary criticism had sunk to the level of mere hack work: the reviewers raised it to the expression of the free views of men of intelligence. But in the criticism of poetry intelligence by itself may miss the mark, and Miss Karminski, when speaking of Jeffrey's criticism of the Lake Poets and Shelley and Keats applied to him the phrase with which he had greeted Wordsworth's 'Excursion'—'this will never do'.

One of *The Edinburgh's* famous reviewers was Thomas Carlyle whose London home in Cheyne Row Audrey Russell, in her third instalment of 'They Lived Here', visited and described in a conversation with Mrs. Stroog, the curator. Appropriate selections from the writings of Thomas and Jane Welsh, read by Felix Felton and Marjorie Westbury, were interspersed. Miss Russell is a good, forthright talker, notable in those B.B.C. visitations of famous places and houses for her stern refusal to decorate her remarks with pseudo-romantic eloquence.

Theodore Roethke's poetry cannot be fully appreciated at a single hearing, but, judging by the many striking and beautiful details scattered by the way, I take him to be a considerable poet. Dylan Thomas' reading of the three poems was impressive, although I noticed, as I have noticed before, that I missed a word here and there. Whether this is Mr. Thomas' fault—some peculiarity of articulation perhaps—or the fault of the not-yet-faultless radio, I cannot say.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Mehr Mahlerei . . .

NICOLAS NABOKOV'S NAME has become familiar as that of a writer of amusing memoirs and sensitive studies of contemporary musicians, and as the protagonist in the recent cultural drive against communism. That he is also a composer had been almost lost to view. So it was interesting to have the opportunity of hearing a new work of his, a setting in the form of a concerto for soprano, tenor, and orchestra of passages from Dante's 'La Vita Nuova'. This was admirably presented by Emelie Hooke, Raymond Nilsson, and the Hallé Orchestra under George Weldon in a well-balanced programme, which also included Rawsthorne's lively 'Street Corner' Overture, Sibelius' grim and compact Seventh Symphony and Bax's Cornish sea-scape, 'Tintagel'. Having noted Nabokov's admiration and friendship for Stravinsky, I expected his music to owe a debt to his compatriot's. But not at all! Stravinsky's style would certainly have fitted ill Dante's mystical raptures about Beatrice. Nabokov's music catches something of the poet's mood, but in an idiom which is rather too derivative. If I may adapt Beethoven's phrase, it seemed to me *mehr Mahlerei als Empfindung*.

Echt Mahlerei was to be heard on two other evenings. The 'Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen' were sung so beautifully on Wednesday by Nancy Evans that I listened again on the next evening, only to find her unhappily in less good

voice, though still singing like a fine artist. These early songs of Mahler's are among his most attractive. What a promising work, one would write, were they the new product of a composer aged twenty-three! Pessimistic they are, but with the pessimism of youth and in the tradition of Schubert's 'Schön: Müllerin'. That Mahler needed the discipline of song-form and the inspiration of words could easily be demonstrated by setting these 'Wayfarer's Songs' beside the sprawling, pretentious First Symphony, in which he used some of their melodies and gave warning of the way he was to go.

The song-cycle was part of a programme conducted by Rudolf Schwarz, who has been taking

a tour of duty with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. His ability was displayed alike in the brilliant orchestral confections of Gordon Jacob and Roussel and in the more substantial music of Dvorak's First Symphony.

At the Haydn and Mozart Society's concert in the Royal Festival Hall Harry Blech and his orchestra did themselves and their composers a good deal less than justice. There was a certain uncouthness in the performance of Haydn's 'Paris' Symphony in D, the tone-quality in the Minuet being particularly coarse, while the phrasing in Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante in E flat was astonishingly insensitive. How the two accomplished soloists could so completely miss

the tenderness and charm of Mozart's melodies passes my comprehension.

With 'I Due Foscari' we have reached, I understand, the end of our exploration of unfamiliar Verdi. The long journey has been profitable, if only for the demonstration of the essential identity of Verdi's mind through the years of growing mastery. And there has been much treasure trove, the latest gem being the final act of 'I Due Foscari'. The rest of it seemed rather ordinary stuff inferior to the grand and spacious 'Nabucco' of two years earlier, which has just been given a revival by the Welsh National Opera.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Gustav Holst: Anti-Formalist

By ARTHUR HUTCHINGS

Holst's Choral Symphony will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, October 22 (Home), and 8.30 p.m. on Thursday, October 23 (Third)

DURING the first decade of this century, Holst passed from delight in 'good old Wagnerian bawling' to love of folk-song and of oriental melody. The effect is seen in the fondness for seven-four time-signatures and other means of obtaining prose rhythms, but the culmination of this period of Holst's development is 'Savitri', the most revolutionary of English operas, composed in 1908. An equally revolutionary opera had been seen in Paris six years before; Holst thought it 'the only successful subordination of music to drama, and he hated it' (Imogen Holst—the quotation is more important than it seems). Neither 'Pelléas' nor 'Savitri' would be worth hearing if it had no more to command it than the once-revolutionary emancipation of word-setting, which could have been restored in our time by talents as meagre as those who led the monodic 'revolution', before Monteverdi.

No boy unable to give words 'just note and accent' should receive a school certificate; what Milton praised in Lawes was no more commendable in a follower of the lutanists and madrigalists than in a follower of Holst whose difficulties began with the groups of 'Hymns from the Rig Veda' for various combinations of voices and instruments, and we shall understand the immensity of his task if we compare his premises with Purcell's.

Purcell, acknowledged to have most perfectly matched English words to music, was the last composer in this country before Holst to make us suppose that his verbal rhythm was free and 'natural'. Absolute freedom cannot be allowed to one means of musical expression without the silencing or shackling of others. 'Savitri' is therefore scantly clad; but if its heard harmonies are not sweet its unheard ones are subtle, and it is an artistic triumph. Now it was Purcell's luck to inherit musical shackles just light enough to suggest verbal freedom, but just heavy enough to allow the musical floreation without which words are best left alone. In his best-known song, 'Fairest Isle', the first two notes reverse the quantities of speech in favour of musical interest; he reaches but the fourth word to give its one syllable five notes; the sixth word takes three notes, the eighth four, and the ninth ('and') three.

But neither genius nor historical advantages, which enabled Purcell to throw off song after delicious song, availed him when he set about a lengthy structure for voices and orchestra. In string fantasia and unaccompanied anthem he had direction from his forebears and could reconcile freedom of line with significance of form. The word 'short-winded' has been used

of his big choral-orchestral works, though not to any piece which uses a ground bass. This device did not shackle the 'free' lines; they overlapped its punctuations instead of being mere symmetrical variations. Immediately after 'Savitri', therefore, Holst seized upon the *ostinato* device, which like the pedal device became a mannerism. It was not a mould or a shackle. By a mould, he meant a formula which demands either the forcing of ideas to fit the preconceived design or the composition of *ad hoc* ideas. That is, why Holst would not compose on principles analogous to those followed by Purcell towards the end of his short life. Indeed Holst expressed misgiving concerning Purcell's admiration of 'fam'd Italian masters' and regarded the last advance of his genius to be a decadence.

We should not blame Holst for opinions held by one of the most intelligent historians of his time, though now retained only by Beckmessers. Until the publication of Professor Westrup's much-needed revision of Walker's *History of Music in England* we could read that the adoption of Italian styles was necessarily the beginning of the end of native expression. Had that been true, it would have applied to Germany. Nature just happened to withhold an English-born genius to follow Purcell, who strove in his sonatas for the clarity of Italian movements. Their architecture of keys, the symmetry of their main and subsidiary sections, the cadences which punctuated the movements did not for him constitute a stereotype but a new ideal. Holst was not certain that Purcell had not already adopted moulds. Holst never did.

Holst taught that form is inherent in ideas. After the 'Vedic Hymns' he increased the severity of his tasks, notably in the 'Ode to Death', the 'Hymn of Jesus' and the Choral Symphony; but even in the many short choral works for his beloved amateurs he did not once repeat a structure or fill one of his own moulds. Be it long or short, a piece by Holst is always original; be it poor or fine, it is sincere. That is why the most unjust remark ever passed upon him is Cecil Gray's, 'He was satisfied with none but the most grandiose conceptions'. Not one of the long works just mentioned and not one of the orchestral works seeks to express the grandiose aspects of its subject, and the dictum would be no more unjust if passed on Beethoven. There is a vast difference between fierce idealism and grandiosity, which would have favoured an attempt to fill a German classical mould with English ideas. What took its place?

An answer is not forthcoming, not because lack of space forbids it, but because it could be given only by someone like Britten. What mat-

ters in a Britten opera is not whether its admirers or its detractors are right, but by what means the Britten vocal line can join with other means of musical expression to achieve a yet more organic and significant whole. When, after 'Savitri', Holst had to express his first idea not by a line but a choral-orchestral polyphony, he was committed to a complex far more shackling and baffling than the conventions he had discarded. Those old idioms always pushed out one obvious tendril to be joined to the next idea. Without a mould, the new idea pushed forward a mass of tendrils and nuclei, and Holst's first decision was to clip most of them. He pruned his harmony with increasing severity till he reached 'Egdon Heath'.

Beyond mention of this technical point and others, such as the use of pedals of *ostinato*, of climactic unison, or of different types of bi-tonal chords, often chosen for the impressionist reason that they serve the passing purpose without suggesting a progression, the mere writer about music cannot say why in one place Holst succeeds and in another seems frustrated.

He could have written many another expansive tune like the one in 'Jupiter', many a modal eclogue and many a modish ballet. Had he cultivated the vein of 'The Planets', 'Beni Mora' or the Fugal Overture and Fugal Concerto, he could have been docketed 'The English Korsakov' (or Roussel, or Stravinsky), and have been accepted as the *petit maître* who 'knows his own mind and does one thing well'. For a Holst to know his mind is to be aware of two strained athletes, the thinker and the composer, each forbidding the other to repeat the feat already achieved, and that noble deadlock may be called frustration. He could have flooded the market with the anthems, part-songs and carol settings supplied by Beckmessers as the church shop supplies 'art'—from moulds.

But no musician in living memory so well stands as anti-Beckmesser. Wagner had to make Beckmesser, who is the limited or mentally lazy part of all of us, unkind and dishonest. We are unaware of unkindness that contributes to a smug *securus judicat* of 'leading musicians' or of our dishonesty when we compose to formula which spares us effort when listening; we call it enjoying 'beauty'. The man who offered 'Savitri' was the one to compose the most exacting choral-orchestral essay yet heard inside or outside a theatre. It makes most modern music sound tame and timid. In three of its parts I think he succeeded magnificently, but the opinion is irrelevant to an assessment of Holst, who said to Clifford Bax: 'Every artist should pray not to become a success. . . . He can then concentrate on his best work'.

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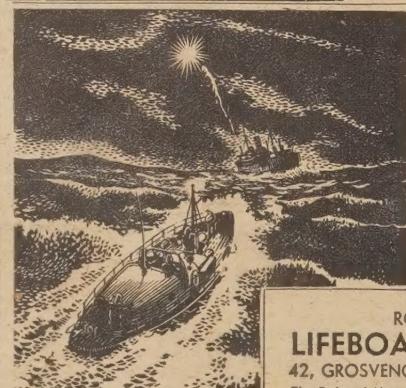
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